

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,574 Vol. 99.

25 February 1905.

6d.

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NOTICE.—Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will be enlarged from 64 to 72 columns; thenceforward there will be weekly columns on bridge, chess and motors.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government succeeded in coming out of the MacDonnell controversy with a majority of 50 on Mr. Redmond's original amendment, and 42 on the motion for adjournment. But the figures have an appearance unrealy favourable to Ministers. "The painful episode which discredits no one", according to Mr. Balfour, soon diverted all attention from the main issue. The Ulster members breathed the usual fire and slaughter. Mr. Wyndham replied with a great appearance of candour; but when he slipped in an assurance that Sir Antony MacDonnell would in future be under closer supervision he made a concession to Ulster intolerance which had fatal effects. Even Mr. Balfour was not able to save the situation.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was left with an opening that he made good use of. The appointment of Sir Antony, "almost as a colleague", was a proof that the Government was dissatisfied with things at Dublin. The later condemnation of this semi-colleague's action in the devolution scheme involved a condemnation of Lord Dudley who discussed it with him. He concluded by declaring for Home Rule, which afterwards gave Mr. Balfour his one chance of escaping from awkward apologetics. In the motion for adjournment Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman left to Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith the drawing of the moral from the letters between Mr. Wyndham and Sir Antony MacDonnell. As Mr. Morley said, the letters in themselves were honourable to both men. They certainly contained the whole truth that Mr. Redmond clamoured for. But such letters are not for public use.

The debate undoubtedly included if it did not exhaust the entire debating strength of the Irish. Colonel Sanderson was the only absentee of importance. He was reported unwell: and one fears he must have been unwell indeed to miss such an opportunity of opportunities. It is interesting to have Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Healy, and Mr. T. W. Russell in fairly quick succession on the same subject, and each in form. Here we have rotund oratory to begin and a kind of

nether-fire-eating to end with. Mr. Dillon many can remember as the most striking figure in the Irish Nationalist party with of course one exception. The mixture of fire and melancholy, singularly attractive, the commanding figure, the really fine head set on the long neck, these, with a high-pitched passionate voice, made amends for speech rather halting. Parnell delighted the English people when he used the word humbug of Mr. Dillon's melancholy, but he was probably quite unjust in this. But Mr. Dillon's fire went out years ago, and when he became a regular orthodox Parliament-man people lost interest in him. His speech of Wednesday was just on the familiar lines, shrill and persistent, but the kind of persistency that sounds rather like nagging.

To read Mr. Healy's speech of the same day is to get but the ghost of a notion of Mr. Healy's really wonderful gifts of oratory. He is to-day the most brilliant speaker in the House of Commons. He has not Mr. Redmond's grace and polish, he has nothing indeed in the nature of either. But his attack is cruelly effective, he never spares either his nominal opponents opposite or his real ones sitting around him. He is the only sardonic speaker in the House. There is a grimness, a constant ring of challenge that is repellent or attractive as you are the object of his uncharitable attention or merely the delighted detached observer. But perhaps Mr. Healy is best of all when he strikes the note of nationality: that is something like Celtic temperament, and has nothing in common with the wish-wash and vague verse about the mists and mountains that is palmed off on simple English people who desire to be gulled.

What can we hope for from Parliamentary reports when even the "Times" gives Mr. Healy in the third person and condensed? It is not of course the fault of the papers—it is the people who will only read debates if they are reduced to snippets. The "Times" reports are done with great care, but sometimes even the best reporters must let a telling interruption and retort pass unrecorded. Hence the best report of Mr. T. W. Russell's speech did not record his witty reply, quick as lightning, to the member who twitted him with having been in office himself in an English Government—this just when Mr. Russell was condemning the unfairness of English Governments towards Ireland. "Yes", snapped out Mr. Russell, "but I did not fill an Irish post—I spoiled the Saxon". Mr. Russell by the way has now apparently taken his seat for good with the Opposition. He has long seemed the most uneasy sitter on the Unionist side.

It is no use pretending that these Irish debates have not left an exceedingly unpleasant impression on the House and on the whole Unionist party. One feels that much damage has been done, and all so gratuitously. As always, the personal aspect of the affair is what men are thinking of. The actual proposals, a semi-elective financial council for Ireland and devolution of certain public legislation, though too suggestive of Home Rule to be liked or accepted by Unionists, would not by themselves have caused all this excitement. It is the position of Mr. Wyndham, his relation to the Under-Secretary and to the Lord-Lieutenant, that is really the matter of contention. Everyone of course accepts Mr. Wyndham's assurance that he was not aware that these proposals were being formulated with Sir Antony MacDonnell's assistance and never dreamt of their being published, just as one accepts Sir Antony's assurance that he believed Mr. Wyndham had no objection to his assisting in the devolution scheme and allowing it to be published. But the difficulty is to make this agree with what followed. There is an unpleasant feeling that Sir Antony MacDonnell was somehow sacrificed. The parallel of Strafford even has been suggested.

At the same time there is no need for Sir Antony to go about talking big, and proclaiming his determination to stay where he is, leaving it to the Government to turn him out if they dare. Sir Antony MacDonnell is a very distinguished and very able man, and amongst Unionists in England, whatever may be the case in Ireland, there is no feeling against him, though some may doubt the original wisdom of his appointment. Mr. Balfour said his position was precisely that of other great civil servants, of Sir Arthur Godley for instance. In that case no exception can be taken to the appointment. His political difference from the Government was wholly irrelevant, as was his Church; his being an Irishman was in his favour. But Lord Lansdowne explained precisely that Sir Antony was to be a good deal more than any civil servant, no matter how high in rank, which alters the position materially. His politics might in that case become very pertinent indeed. In the meantime the Lord-Lieutenant is treated almost as a cipher. But Lord Dudley can be assured that no English Unionist makes any suggestion against him. His course has been perfectly plain from the beginning.

There was no "sporting question", as Mr. Chamberlain said, as to which was the big and which the little loaf, in the comparative effigies carried about on behalf of the free trade candidate at Liverpool. But the sandwich-men who paraded the uneven loaves did not prove a walking advertisement of much value. Perhaps the voters, who know all there is to be known about shipping freights, were better capable than in any other constituency of judging how much difference a 2s. duty means to the loaf. The Government is unpopular enough on many accounts even in Liverpool, but as the municipal elections proved, protection is a set-off in its favour among the poorer classes who in one way or another have extra-parochial interests. Mr. Harwood-Bonner's majority of 1,311 does not mean much one way or another, but it may help to kill with ridicule this particular form of appeal to the "blind mouths" of the hungry voters.

The military debate initiated in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford has elicited the information that the militia is in future to be held liable to serve abroad in case of war. So far as it goes, this plan is decidedly sound; and it is one which was strongly advocated by Lord Hardwicke, whilst Under Secretary for War. We do not anticipate that the change will cause any appreciable variation in the strength of the militia. The old system of volunteering was virtually compulsion, as few had the hardihood to step out of the ranks and say they would not go; unless, as in some cases happened during the late war, whole regiments refused. The new scheme, however, alters fundamentally the *raison d'être* of the militia, which was originally supposed to be a home defence force. We infer from Lord Donoughmore's statement that the

remainder of the Arnold-Forster programme—reduction &c.—is to be carried out, which is deeply to be regretted, though the new departure shows how unstable is the present military policy, a factor which acts injuriously on efficiency.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's defence in the House of Commons was far from convincing. As usual he is "positive" that his plans are in all respects the best. But the main things for which he takes credit are those which were introduced in the unenlightened days before we possessed a heaven-born War Minister. Thus he takes credit for the modern increase in the strength of the army. Yet in almost the same breath he proposes to cut down the regular infantry, and as a guarantee of the excellence of his scheme he is reduced to reading a long and rambling letter from an obscure general officer, who has never before been regarded as a high military authority. Lastly he takes credit to himself for having reduced the estimates by £970,000. But considering that he has reduced every battalion by fifty men, and that he omitted the item for new guns which before his advent had been contemplated, we fail to see the great economy effected.

The House of Lords debate on the merits of the new rifle produced a speech from Lord Roberts of heroic dimensions, who had presumably been supplied with voluminous notes by the War Office on the subject. Neither he nor Lord Donoughmore, however, was very effective; and it seems clear that the new rifle was adopted—as in the case of almost all our military innovations—in too great a hurry. But it is curious that Parliament and press should only just now have realised the importance of the subject, seeing that the pattern was approved of over two years ago. Briefly the facts seem to be these. The new weapon is an excellent one, although it is obvious that the shorter the rifle, however perfect it may be, the more difficult it must be to aim accurately. Moreover in a bayonet *mêlée*, a man's reach must necessarily be shorter than in the case of the old rifle.

The Naval Court of Inquiry into the accident on board A5, in which four of her crew were killed and eleven badly injured, have been able to arrive at a fairly accurate conclusion as to where blame rested. The accident would never have happened if the motor had not been used in a manner flagrantly violating regulations. There is no reason to suppose that petrol cannot be used with perfect safety in submarine boats provided proper precautions be taken. The explosions though severe have fortunately left the mechanism so far undamaged that the expert witnesses have found themselves in a position to base their opinions on facts and have not been obliged to fall back on mere theory.

The direct cause was without doubt sparking on the commutator of the main motor in the presence of petrol vapour. It seems almost equally certain that the seat of mischief where the leakage occurred can be located, for Engineer-Lieutenants Aldwell and Spence both agreed that the petrol pump was found to be insufficiently packed, and that the packing could not have been affected in any way by the explosion. In the case of a minor accident which happened to No. 1 about two years ago, explosion of vapour was in like manner caused by sparking, but on that occasion a defective petrol joint was supposed to have been the cause of leakage.

No doubt one should feel all respect for a "source enjoying high patronage", though the phrase suggests nothing so much as a fashionable watering-place. But as Russia is still in the enjoyment of the peculiar capacity of an autocracy to hold its tongue when need be, it is quite impossible that the exact terms of a meditated peace have leaked out. Baron Hayashi, on all subjects a model of correct reticence, has reserved the question of peace for the exercise of his supreme indefiniteness, and his attitude is the only right one. Whatever the Russian Government may be meditating, it is not good breeding for outsiders to recommend a peace which is a surrender; and it is downright silly gravely to discuss at this stage such a detail as the conversion

of Vladivostock into a neutral port. Nor is it characteristic of Russian policy that the Government should suggest severer terms than the Japanese would be at all likely to expect.

Rumours of peace have left little space for rumours of war. Perhaps the most ingenious, which has nothing but its ingenuity to give it credit, is that the Tsar intends to summon the Zemski Sobor in order to put upon it the burden of deciding whether or no peace terms shall be suggested to Japan. In Manchuria there is no further sign that the big battle which is to come is imminent; but in the smaller engagements that have been recently reported the Japanese have assumed the offensive. They seem to have established themselves after a difficult march with artillery in a more advanced position towards Valikho and to be threatening the Tzenkelin Pass on both sides. But the movements are of no critical importance and it is recognised that neither army will move during the short period of frost that remains; and extensive operations during the first weeks of the thaw are an impossibility. In these circumstances no serious fighting is likely during this month or next. The movements of some of the military attachés suggest the same conclusion.

On the authority of a Reuter's Paris telegram all the Thursday morning papers, with the exception of the "Times", announced that the North Sea Commission had come to an agreement as to their decision. The "Times" not merely refrained from publishing this telegram but stated that it was not true a decision had been arrived at, and that it was not known whether the report was to be unanimous, or, in fact, anything about it. The French papers had the same information that was communicated to the English; and if the report is not true it is a most notable example of the lie circumstantial. The Commissioners, Reuter stated, do not discuss the question of the presence or absence of Japanese torpedo-boats, their report simply declaring that Admiral Rojdestvensky might legitimately have believed that his squadron was in danger, and that he was entitled, in view of the circumstances, to act as he did. It is said that the public sitting at which the report will be formally read will be held to-day.

Industrially the general position in Russia continues to show the power of the workmen. The strikers in Riga, Warsaw, in the South of Russia, and even in Moscow have been numerous enough to bring about a general interference with the railway service, and nothing could be more likely to compel attention to their demands. The instances of serious rioting by strikers, whom some correspondents still describe as revolutionaries, are reported from parts of Poland, and the mob appear to be out of hand at Riga. The disturbance among the mixed population in Southern Russia and about the Caucasus is less distinctly industrial, and some degree of military repression is becoming a necessity. The danger is that the strikers, who seem to be most numerous at Batoum, will be stirred to greater excesses than their own aims would promote by Armenian agitators, who are numerous.

The assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius appears to be a talkative intellectual whom the extreme daring of an altruism that often springs from morbid desire for sensation made the tool of a society whose power and extent he probably exaggerates. Perhaps the crime has helped to swell the political rumours. Much has been telegraphed from correspondents in several European capitals of the intention of the Tsar to call together the Zemski Sobor, the ancient Russian institution; but newsmongers, like conjurers, have a way of doing anything, when once the attention of the spectators is fixed on a point, to keep it the centre of emergent marvels.

The opening debate of the new Canadian Parliament gave a curious instance of the change in the Canadian estimate of the value of Canadian territory. In introducing the proposals for the formation of two new provinces out of the vaguer North-West Territory Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced that money, not control of

land, would be given to support the governments. In the past land has been too little esteemed. For example, in each of the "townships" into which the North-West is divided the better part of two of the sections, amounting to a twentieth of the whole, were surrendered to the Hudson Bay Company and now are beginning to realise a sum once undreamed of. Happily the cause of education was equally endowed and sections, numbered eleven and twenty-six throughout the townships of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, were reserved by the Parliament of Canada as "an endowment for the benefit of schools".

But in Canada, as elsewhere, the ground of difference is denominationalism. The several provinces have control of their own system; there is, for example, no point of similarity between the systems of Ontario and Quebec. But so far in the quasi-province of the North-West Territories, as in Ontario, ratepayers, Protestant or Catholic, who differ in view from the provincial government, have liberty to establish separate schools. This system Sir Wilfrid Laurier desires to establish and continue, giving proportionately equal grants from the proceeds of the Government land to separate and other schools. In spite of some opposition, the Bill, as he has sketched it, is likely to pass; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, in his fine plea for the teaching of the dogma and principles of religion, seems to have touched a level of oratory of which his health and perhaps his themes have lately left him incapable.

Congress has responded very grudgingly to Mr. Roosevelt's request for two battleships, and if in spite of all his personal canvassing his own party could not give him more than a majority of twenty-three, there is small likelihood that the Senate will support him at all. Its present policy is to dish the President at all costs; and though we have no sort of desire to see the United States navy bigger by a single ship, we can appreciate his disgust at the misuse of one of the safeguards of the boasted constitution. The arbitration agreements, the S. Domingo convention, the battleships are to go the way of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty or Cuban reciprocity because the Senate prefers its dignity and its pocket to anything else inside or outside the constitution.

General Beyers has taken the trouble to reaffirm the general recommendations to conditional rebellion which he made recently at a meeting of the new People's Union in the Transvaal. Also the constitution of this organisation has been published and it contains a suspicious similarity even in wording with that of the Cape Colony Bond. Of course the Boers, who are stiff-necked before they are anything else, will worry away, so long as there is hope, to get what power they can; and they never had a better opportunity. The new constitution is on the way, Lord Milner is retiring, and eventually a Radical government will be in power. But there is no reason to be more pessimistic about the outlook now than before. South Africa must more or less settle its own troubles; and if the franchise is made wide enough and automatic redistribution established, the Boers and the new Bond will have no excessive control of the situation though responsible government be given at once.

The Prince of Wales' Committee to inquire into the financial relations of the hospitals and medical schools has found them so complex that they have not been able to give categorical answers to all the questions put to them. Of eight hospitals out of twelve however they say that they have made grants to their medical schools. On balancing the advantages the hospitals owe to the schools and the schools to the hospitals, they think that where contributions have been made to the schools these are debtors to the hospitals; and they do not approve of the expenditure. The most important part of the report states that the first three years of medical teaching have no real relation with a hospital and that they ought to be spent in an institution of a university character; while the two latter years can only be spent within a hospital.

The London Hospital schools are not in a flourishing condition either financially or scholastically, and they are being outrivalled in the provinces. The Committee therefore approve of the London University's scheme for establishing a central institution for teaching the subjects of the preliminary and intermediate examinations. The university is now appealing for funds for an endowment. If that were raised, it is believed that the schools for the last two years in the hospitals would then be self-supporting and the problem the Committee has been considering would be solved. Or half solved; for the hospitals even with such relief will always be in difficulties as long as they are dependent on begging.

The Prime Minister's refusal to guarantee Mr. Austin Taylor that the report of the Ritual Commission shall appear before the dissolution is satisfactory. It will be pleasant to most decent people that the hustings of the contest shall be free from any shoutings on the mysteries of religion. It would be well however if Mr. Balfour could have seen his way to condemn any correspondence between the Commission and the Bishops. The duty of the Commissioners is to report to the King and not either collectively or individually to delate parsons. Meanwhile the Dean of Canterbury seems willing to take his idea of reunion on the basis of what his friends suppose to have been the theology of the first six centuries to these Commissioners. We hope that he will. The more ecclesiastical history these gentlemen have before they present their report the better.

Etona est: sit. Just so; let the fussy folk who are for ever nagging at Eton show us something that is, or even could be, and Etonians will be more ready to listen to their preaching. Our sympathy is wholly with the "Eton Chronicle's" view of these self-styled reformers who can never leave Eton alone. The "Church Quarterly" reviewer, the latest bedeviller of Eton, is prettily chastised in the "Chronicle" for 16 February. Out of the mouth of a boy is wisdom truly ordained in this case. And we are asked to condemn teaching which has taught a boy of under seventeen to write with more sense and in better style than ninety out of a hundred fully matured writers ever attain to! These critics seem to think that the last thing to be considered at Eton is the boys themselves.

S. Paul's, to day-schools what Eton is to all schools, will shortly have to face a crisis; for it is impossible to contemplate the resignation of the High Master as anything less than a great crisis for the school. In many ways S. Paul's is Mr. Walker's re-creation. Many have said that Fred. Walker, of S. Paul's, is the greatest schoolmaster of the day. And his greatness as a schoolmaster lies in his intuition of the essential; he knows boys, and knows boys because he knows men. His capacity for diagnosis of character is sheer genius. Whatever else may be said, we at any rate cannot have any doubt that here is the real secret of the prosperity of S. Paul's School. How is this tradition to be carried on after the present school-year, when Mr. Walker is to lay down his burden of office?

The "ragging of statues" is not unknown in England. Some may remember how even Cæsars have been daubed with paint; but we cannot recall any parallel to the destruction of the beautiful monument to Shakespeare in Weimar. Some Anglophobe anxious to show his patriotism covered the figure with black corrosive; and the Nessus device has had such effect as to ruin the statue beyond repair. Heine threw vitriol enough at the Duke of Wellington and other eminent Englishmen who seemed to him excessively Protestant; but even from wordy abuse Shakespeare, "the inspired savage", has been so far universally free. Besides, the silly iconoclast who did this thing forgot that his countrymen claim, not wholly without justification, to have discovered Shakespeare; and thus to blacken him is a slight on more German commentators and translators than can be counted.

THE IRISH ENTANGLEMENT.

MR. WYNDHAM is not one of those who fight best with their backs to the wall. There are men, as there are many beasts and birds, whose greatest qualities are seen only when their retreat is cut off. Corner them, and they so conduct themselves that on future occasions their assailants prefer to leave them easy openings for escape to compelling them to fight for life. Such was Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons. Mr. Wyndham rather suggests to us certain very beautiful feline creatures, who, while defending themselves in front, have their eye all the time rather on the chance of slipping quietly away at the side. They move very gracefully, these lithe creatures; but they do not make so brave a show in fighting. Mr. Wyndham has done so much, in our belief, for Ireland; he is so cultivated a man in a region where real culture is not very common, he has so much charm where philistinism is rather the rule, that his failure in the Irish debates of this week moves in us very real compassion. We wish we could avoid the unpleasant word, failure, in connexion with Mr. Wyndham at any time, but if we called it by any other name, we should be sacrificing the straightforwardness for which no amount of graceful phraseology can make up. It is patent that these debates have left a very painful impression on the Unionist party, and we fear that they are likely to weaken the Government throughout the whole country. Where they do not stir an uncomfortable feeling of want of confidence, they can hardly not suggest an inexcusable carelessness or extraordinary want of good sense. It is amazing that this sheerly gratuitous complication, this idle entanglement, could ever have been allowed by Mr. Balfour's Government to grow up. Here we have the whole fortunes of the Government, and especially the good work, the very good work, they have been doing in Ireland, set back by an absolutely needless contretemps. They have given themselves away to the most barbaric element in the Unionist party: they have made a present to every section of their opponents.

If it is true that the Government in their Irish views are divided between a sympathetic and an ascendancy party, our sympathy is wholly with the sympathetics. Anyone who cannot see that in the interests of the empire as well as of Ireland the great bulk of the Irish people are not to be treated as enemies, as people of a different nation from the Unionists, is incapable even of putting himself in an attitude to understand Irish questions. Differ as strongly as we may politically, we must not allow political differences to affect our social relations with the Irish people. Their being Nationalists should be regarded as irrelevant, except in a purely political connexion. We are persuaded that Home Rule in any form would be an imperial mistake and not for the peculiar good of Ireland; but that is not a reason for treating an Irishman who thinks otherwise as something worse than a political opponent. There were, of course, more sinister elements in Parnellism; but those uglier features of the Home Rule movement are no longer prominent. Be prepared for their reappearance, certainly; but, subject to that provision, let us do our best to forget them. Englishmen often pride themselves that they do not remember injuries so well as the Irish. Unfortunately no one can say that this spirit of forgetting and forgiving informs the politics of the Ulster Unionists. Their dislike of Home Rule is too evidently prompted—at any rate to a large extent—by antipathy to Kelts and Roman Catholics; not that they are strong on ethnology; but the racial element is there whether they know it or not. The antipathy is no doubt mutual; the Roman Catholics cultivate a similar aloofness from them; but it must be confessed that they have been much more sympathetic with the social and constructive policy of the Irish Government than have the Ulstermen. True they have gained more by it; but they were entitled to gain more. The historic balance in the matter of treatment by England is not by any means in favour of Roman Catholic as against Protestant Ireland. The present Irish Government have realised this and have been trying to do tardy justice. It is nothing that the Nationalists show no gratitude; he who does good in expectation of gratitude will never

do any good at all. It is one of the best features of Mr. Wyndham's administration that it has never been deflected from the course of conciliation by Nationalist attack. It is therefore all the more grievous that it has not been able equally to disregard a Unionist attack. Will it now be able to go on with its proper Irish programme?

Mr. Wyndham, we are told, set out with the intention of making no concession of any kind in the direction of Home Rule, or even seemingly in that direction, expressly in order that he might the better carry out his constructive and social programme. Surely he could have stimulated to the utmost such work as that of the Congested Districts Board, the development of fisheries and so forth, the improvement of methods of agriculture; could have taken steps to advance the solution of the land question, the higher education problem, the greatest of all Irish grievances; and have promoted methods of administration sympathetic with the temper of the Irish people without treading in any way on ground dangerous because in the vicinity of Home Rule. We do not say that the present Castle system can be defended; no doubt Lord Lansdowne was right in condemning it; but we do say it would have been wiser to leave it alone until a great deal more of the constructive programme had been put into effect. Still more easily could Mr. Wyndham have prevented, if only on grounds of prematurity, the growth of particular schemes which he never meant to promote, and which have led to all this trouble. That is our first charge against Mr. Wyndham, that he was not careful enough of his extremely important social policy to prevent its being weighted by other proposals which on any showing there was no urgent need even to consider. On the other hand, if the Irish Government have come to the conclusion that drastic reform of the Castle system, not on Home Rule lines, is urgent, they ought to make it a very prominent item in their programme and take the sense of the party upon it.

But Mr. Wyndham says he had no such policy in mind, and that the proposals published last August by the Reform Association for a partially elective financial council for Ireland and for the devolution of certain public legislation were never contemplated by him. As we have said, in that case he could very easily have prevented any such proposals ever being made and ought to have done so. We cannot admit that his letter to Sir Antony MacDonnell, though it may be said to exclude it by silence, made it clear to Sir Antony that any such policy would be rejected. Mr. Wyndham knew that Sir Antony was in communication with Lord Dunraven; that they were discussing questions of reform; and that the Viceroy was also aware of these discussions. But he did not guess what they were leading up to and he had never heard of these specific proposals. Sir Antony on the other hand knew that the Viceroy was aware of these proposals and that the Chief Secretary was aware of his consultations with Lord Dunraven, and believed that Mr. Wyndham would not object to his helping to formulate the scheme that was published. These are two honourable men and the only explanation is that neither understood the other. But the comment is obvious that if two men of their intellectual calibre did not understand each other, they cannot have tried very hard to do so. However, they misunderstood each other; therefore the offence of either was venial. Then why was Sir Antony "disgraced"? If Sir Antony was guilty of nothing but a misapprehension, has he not been made a scapegoat? If he were guilty of deliberately concealing from the Chief Secretary his hand in a scheme of constitutional reform, with features at any rate suggestive of Home Rule, and allowing it to be published, he would be guilty of an offence for which censure would have been an inadequate punishment. If he only misunderstood, censure was too heavy; if he deliberately concealed, it was not enough. The Government did not show any way out of the dilemma.

And what is to happen now? Can Sir Antony effectively carry on the duties of Under-Secretary any more? And yet it would be scant justice indeed to "throw him to the Ulster wolves". And can Mr. Wyndham, with impaired prestige, make an effective

Chief Secretary any more? But to reconstruct at this moment, to reshuffle departments and let Mr. Wyndham find himself at some other office, would be a sad concession to clamour. Mr. Balfour has a very tight-drawn tangle to unravel, and his loyalty to colleagues will not help him in the solution. He may untangle the threads of Government yet; only he could.

THE NORTH SEA BUBBLE.

ACCORDING to all the newspaper accounts which appeared on Wednesday evening and Thursday morning, with the exception of the "Times", which was silent, the conclusions of the Commissioners engaged in the North Sea inquiry had then become definitely known. It was stated on the authority of a Reuter's telegram, which was as circumstantial as anything could be, short of the issue of the report itself, that a decision had been come to adverse to the British case. The report was not to be published until to-day, but in the meantime Reuter's correspondent shortly described the result thus. The Commission does not discuss the question of the presence or absence of Japanese torpedo-boats, their report simply declaring that Admiral Rojdestvensky might legitimately have believed that his squadron was in danger, and that he was entitled, in the circumstances, to act as he did. If this statement is true, and we see little reason for doubting what has been so generally accepted, we are by no means surprised that the conclusion should be what the tendency of the evidence has suggested. We never believed of course that the Russian case as to the presence of Japanese torpedo-boats in the North Sea had any foundation. To exculpate the Russian fleet on this pretence would have been as impossible as it was to accept the first explanation which Englishmen grasped at in their anger, that the Russians had acted with brutal intention or equally brutal recklessness or negligence. As the case proceeded it became more evident that the whole question was one of technical seamanship; and it is precisely as such that the Commissioners have regarded it. Whether there were torpedo-boats or not, they find that the Russian Admiral might legitimately have supposed that there were; and if he made a mistake it was made in circumstances and from causes which may be accounted for in a manner which all seamen will appreciate.

It is true that after giving them what they considered their due weight the British Commissioners in their separate conclusions arrived at the view that they were not a sufficient justification for opening fire. But is there any sufficient reason in the fact of the majority of the Commissioners having come to an opposite conclusion for the anger and indignation with which the newspapers announce that the finding has been received? Whatever the average member of Parliament may think, or the journalist whose competence to judge of a matter of seamanship is on a level with the ordinary reader to whom he addresses his views, we do not think that instructed naval opinion will see any cause for throwing itself into paroxysms over the decision of the Commission. English sailors undoubtedly do not think much of Russian seamanship, but they remember incidents in our own navy such as were related to the Commissioners by Captain R. Keane a British naval expert. He mentioned certain well-known cases in which the mistake of taking one class of vessels for another had been made. A flagship leading the British Mediterranean fleet had mistaken a battleship for a destroyer and opened fire upon it. A similar case occurred in the manoeuvres of 1902. A question which was put to Captain Keane by Admiral Fournier shows that the mere *prima facie* possibility of accounting for the Russian mistake was not regarded as furnishing an easy exculpation. He asked "If a trawler or other vessel had been near the ironclad when she was mistaken for a destroyer, would the same mistake have been made?" Captain Keane's answer was "No, certainly not". Admiral Fournier then remarked "Well, I must point out that in the case which we are considering, of this Russian vessel which you presume was mistaken, the trawler was there to

enable them to make a comparison". In a note some weeks ago in this REVIEW it was pointed out that it has been known to happen more than once that in the daylight two steamers both proceeding in the same direction have appeared to experienced sailors as one large steamer, and the mistake has only been discovered after one of the vessels has drawn ahead clear of the other, leaving a gap between them through which the horizon was visible. Hence with regard to Captain Klado's ship two trawlers might easily have occupied similar positions. There would be two funnels and a sufficient apparent elongation of hull to produce more or less resemblance to a torpedo-boat, sufficient perhaps to deceive people in a highly nervous state.

If we take the sense of justification in which it is used in the British conclusions, that is as justified by the actual facts which the inquiry of a court-martial may prove, the Russian commander was altogether wrong. The justification is to be found elsewhere. A man must act on what he believes to be the facts at the time, however erroneous his judgment turns out to be afterwards, if there is need for immediate action; and Rodjestvensky had all the reason in the world for acting promptly if the facts were as he might reasonably suppose. It is in this sense that we must resolve the difference between the tribunal's general finding and the particular conclusions of the British Commissioners. Unless we attack the bona-fides of all the Commissioners except the British the ground of justification is sufficiently valid. In such a case as we put in the above-mentioned note would any reasonable man throw himself into a storm of indignation if the sailors who made the mistake were not severely punished? A court-martial might think it right to censure them, or submit them to some form of punishment for the sake of setting a high standard of intelligence and carefulness. But it would be a peculiarly unenviable position for the British nation to find itself driven in the circumstances that have been found, to demand the punishment of Russian officers who did their obvious duty in taking what they considered to be the necessary means of defending their ships. They were bound, as we may say, to construe their duty in favour of themselves. It was natural enough when the incident first arose that most people should have overlooked this aspect of the matter, and forgotten the possibilities that there may be mistakes at sea which have serious consequences and yet for which there would be little fairness or humanity in treating the persons in the wrong as criminals. In the law courts a householder who, say, shot by an intelligible mistake an innocent person as a burglar would be answerable civilly but not criminally, and indignation against the judges who would not punish him as though he were would show very little wisdom, to put it mildly. There may be, the newspapers say there is, much amazement and indignation at the finding of the Commissioners, but we suspect there will be a still greater sense of relief that we have not to demand the punishment of officers who mistook the facts but were not in any other sense culpable. We say nothing of whatever may be the findings of the Commissioners on other points such as the Russians not rendering assistance to the fishermen. That appears callous, but it may be one of the consequences of the original mistake. It may have been foolish to believe trawlers were torpedo-boats; but it is not necessarily an added iniquity that being as they thought in an affair of arms the Russians should have acted throughout consistently on that assumption. No doubt there will be a competition between Conservative and Liberal members in warmth of language and patriotic horror at the result of the arbitration. It will be the easier to pose as the inflexible patriot seeing that the arbitration removes whatever international danger there might have been in that attitude if the question of punishment had now to be raised between ourselves and Russia. Whatever dissatisfaction there may be with the fact that Great Britain was, as she usually is, unsuccessful when she submits her disputes to arbitration, we believe that the deepest feeling will be that we are in no danger of finding ourselves at war owing to differences of opinion about matters of seamanship.

ASSASSINATION AND THE TSAR'S POLICY.

THE impression produced on the public mind, both in Russia and abroad, by the news of the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius is not altogether easy of analysis. Apart from the moral reprobation which civilised opinion passes upon the perpetrators of these revolting crimes, the jury of public opinion seems to have retired to consider the verdict. For the moment, however, one sentiment certainly prevails. Sympathy with the unfortunate victim and his relations—for it should not be forgotten that he was closely connected by marriage ties with the principal reigning personages of Europe—is considerably outweighed by a staggering sensation of harrowing uncertainty. What, it is asked, will be the next act in the sanguinary drama on the stage of the present Russian crisis? Wholly different was the effect upon the world's mind some twenty-five years back of a similar act of violence perpetrated likewise by the terrorist section of the revolutionaries. Then the whole civilised world was roused to a state of vehement indignation at the atrocious assassination of the Tsar Liberator, who was murdered in the very act of conceding constitutional privileges to his people. Morally the enormity of the two crimes is fairly analogous. Both were anti-social and anarchical. Alexander II., it is true, was actually the Tsar; the Grand Duke Sergius was son and uncle of a Tsar, and, moreover, was considered, next to the Tsar, the most powerful and influential personage in the State. One cogent reason for this curious divergence in public opinion in rightly weighing the merits of the two events is due to the exaggerated influence exercised both within and without Russia's frontiers by one phase only of her history during the last quarter of a century. What that phase is can best be understood by a contrast of her present internal condition with that of Alexander II.'s reign. The artisan class—then a negligible quantity—has now, through the continual migration of the peasantry into the industrial centres and towns, grown to serious dimensions, and attained an influence to be reckoned with in politics. The material condition of the peasantry, on the other hand, is considerably worse than it was before the Emancipation. The struggle for existence is more acute than ever it has been in the history of the country. Disaffection among the "emancipated" working classes, brought about by the industrial crisis already referred to, has become insurrectionary aggressiveness under the goading influence of the revolutionary party. The appeal for reforms justified by certain grievances of the people against the bureaucracy has assumed a determined attitude. All this has naturally and on the whole justifiably convinced the public mind that Russia is in need of reforms. But on the question of the precise points to be preferred in these reforms, only one side of the evidence is being heard. The crucial thing at the present moment is the desperate struggle that is going on between the Westernites and Nationalites. The voice of the latter unfortunately does not reach our ears. It is drowned by the din and clamouring of the Westernites, led by the revolutionary party which is so willingly re-echoed in the press of this country. It is pretended, therefore, that the Grand Duke's removal—however reprehensible the means—is after all a salutary sweep towards clearing the way for obtaining the demanded reforms. The opinion has been freely mooted that the uncles of the Tsar are the incarnation of all that is brutal and that their treatment of the people is intentionally cruel and tyrannical. But in spite of the consensus of opinion thus expressed by the "Westminster Gazette" and its followers, we demur to the assertion that the Grand Duke Sergius was "with possibly one exception, the most ruthless and dogged upholder of tyranny". That he ruled with merciless sternness and identified himself with the extreme reactionaries and that he was unpopular as Governor-General of Moscow we do not attempt to gainsay. But that he was cruel and tyrannical both in his intention and action no one has as yet given any tangible proof.

We admit it is a fact that as a favourite member of the Imperial family, and in his capacity as State Councillor, he used whatever influence he may have

had over his nephew to urge him to remain true to his father's policy of maintaining autocracy intact. But he did this with the firm conviction that such a policy, upholding the ancient prerogatives of the Tsar, was for the welfare and benefit of Russia, which differs as a nation in all her essentials from the rest of Europe. It may be that many of his views had become too narrow and bigoted for the needs of modern Russia. But on the other hand, the Western ideal of measures for reforms promulgated and encouraged by the revolutionary party is no medicine for Russia's ills. As Governor-General of Moscow the Grand Duke was unpopular because he exceeded the limits of license conceded even to Grand Dukes. It was however precisely owing to his serious religious convictions at an early age and his staunch adherence to the Orthodox Church that his brother Alexander III. was prompted to make him Governor of Moscow, where is centred the heart of the Church and of the Panslavistic ideals of the nation. He was, as is well known, the founder of the Eastern Orthodox Palestine Society, and its chief supporter. The first indication of his unpopularity appeared soon after his appointment when in his strict Orthodox convictions he began a campaign against the Jews, at that time firmly established in the ancient city, the centre of Russia's growing manufacturing industry. Their expulsion was generally condemned on social and financial grounds throughout the mercantile community of Moscow. Apart from all personal animosity and political opprobrium with which lookers-on may identify themselves, the chief question that strikes an impartial witness of the present situation of the crisis is, will the future action of the Tsar be facilitated by what has taken place? It appears to us that he will be more than ever perplexed between the two currents working at cross purposes. If he gives way on his own initiative to granting liberal reforms, the revolutionary party will believe at once that they have the upper hand in the reform movement. If he remains immovable to the appeals of the nation, he will offend what we may term the passive resisters, and will probably drive them into the camp of the extremists. Hence doubtless the movement now being discussed for the calling of the Zemski Sobor, to be summoned as it has been on previous occasions when the Tsar has been troubled and the nation in danger. Even if the rumour of a convocation to deliberate on the present abnormal condition of the country is not authoritatively confirmed, the very name of the Zemski Sobor, the ancient, real Russian institution representative of all classes, at any rate gives us some clue to what is in the Tsar's mind. It is evident that he is anxious to meet the appeal of the country for reasonable reforms. But in selecting the ancient consultative assembly as his medium he clearly wishes to express his determination to adhere to the national principles of government. He wishes to overcome the present economic and political difficulties confronting himself and his people in the national manner which already existed in Russia long before Western constitutions were in practice. "If", remarks a contemporary, "we take the whole series of events during the last six months, it becomes plain to us that revolution is proceeding in grim earnest. It has many manifestations, and if checked in one direction it proceeds in another. All the incidents are horrible, whether the shooting of innocent people in the streets or the assassination of less innocent people by bomb-throwers, but there is no escape from them unless the Tsar and his ministers can make up their minds to root-and-branch reform of an impossible system". In reply to these blood-and-thunder prognostications we point out that every previous convocation of the Zemski Sobor has only ended in the strengthening and consolidating of the position of autocracy in Russia. History does not contradict itself even in Russia. Should the Zemski Sobor actually meet, we venture to predict that the results will be the same as heretofore, and that Russia will be still further removed from Parliament and Democracy than she is.

THE DIRECTION OF THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS.

THE directorship of two of our great art collections is now vacant, the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum. We hope that at this beginning of a new period the authorities will weigh very carefully not only the competence of individual candidates, but also the questions of policy, of responsibility, and of machinery generally that are involved. When the retiring director of the National Gallery was appointed ten or eleven years ago the general point of policy that was keenly debated was whether a painter engaged in the practice of his art or a trained connoisseur was the fitter type for the post. The general experience of Europe had turned in favour of the trained gallery director, and the ten years that have passed since then have probably convinced the English public also that in these days of strenuous competition among galleries we need a man whose time is not broken nor his taste biased by practice of his own art, who can devote himself to an impartial survey of the field, marking down desirable and available pictures, and to seizing or making opportunities of securing them. No one would propose at the present day to appoint a sculptor engaged in his art to the direction of a museum of Greek sculpture, and, although the artist who has become a connoisseur is doubtless the ideal (Sir Frederick Burton approximated to this type), no one probably will now propose to seek among professional artists for the director of a museum of painting. Ten years ago this view was not the obvious one, and the efforts of critics in the press and in a petition addressed to the Government of the day to secure the appointment of a well-known connoisseur had no result. Another point has become exceedingly plain during this interval, and that is the impropriety of placing the direction of the National Gallery in the hands of an artist actively associated with the Royal Academy. The Chantrey Inquiry has brought that home to the public mind.

We do not propose to go back now in detail on the record of those ten years, all the more that it is impossible to disentangle responsibilities as between director and trustees. A few excellent pictures have been added; a good many mistakes have been made, and still graver is the tale of opportunities missed or actually rejected. If this holds true in the matter of the older masters, it is doubly true in the case of more modern art, where the record is one of complete indifference. It looks as if Dublin were about to prove what might have been gained for London by energy and diplomacy on this side.

We may take it, then, generally that the balance will incline against the choice of a painter, as in the past, and in favour of a trained connoisseur. A further question is whether the knowledge and sympathies of a single director are likely to cover the whole ground satisfactorily. It was urged on the Chantrey Committee by several witnesses that it is desirable to place the modern schools under a separate direction, and this view has been supported by a correspondent of the "Times" who opened the present discussion. In our view the very extent of the field to be covered does call for this change. But there are one or two points that would have to be decided before the change is made. In the first place the Tate Gallery was founded as a purely British collection, so that the proposal to make the Tate Gallery the modern section does not meet the case. We have no Luxembourg, no gallery of modern artists English and foreign. Moreover such nucleus of a collection of recent foreign masters as we possess is placed inalienably in the Wallace Gallery and the South Kensington Museum.* It is a question, therefore, which will have to be decided, whether the nucleus at Kensington should be developed or fresh buildings added to the Tate Gallery. In the second place the director of the modern section would be in an anomalous position so long as he had no funds at his disposal for purchase. Even on the British side there are next to none. If the Chantrey Fund were placed in his control, and the funds of the

* The National Gallery, in which the modern French school was so long represented by Rosa Bonheur and Bonvin, has at last made a beginning with the gift of Fantin-Latour's very fine portrait.

defunct British Institution, at present diverted to the provision of students' scholarships, were restored to their original purpose, he would be in a different position on this side, though still without resources for foreign pictures. All this should be considered before a change is made.

The present Government grant of £5,000 a year is of course absurdly inadequate for the purchase of the older masters alone. On the face of it we pay the director £1,000 a year to spend £5,000. In reality he is paid for what he may do in addition in the way of attracting gifts and bequests and subscriptions and in fighting an obdurate Treasury for special grants. All this he does in conjunction with a committee of trustees. This committee of influential and wealthy men can undoubtedly render service when special efforts have to be made. On the other side the necessity of obtaining their consent and support for a proposal undoubtedly hampers the action of the director. At present the public is in the dark as to the exact division of responsibilities. Whatever it is, the present system leads to delay, loss and discouragement. A competent director should have the right of quick action when consultation is impossible, and the full responsibility of final decision.

Various names have been mentioned of possible candidates for the post. Two of these have a pre-eminent claim, Mr. Colvin and Mr. Claude Phillips. Sir Walter Armstrong's learning and experience also give him a right to consideration. A younger man has been mentioned, Mr. Roger Fry, who has deservedly gained a high reputation in the last few years. We hope that some day the nation will benefit by his services. But the two gentlemen first named are those who have at the present time the best title in knowledge, taste, judgment and length of public service.

The direction of the South Kensington Museum is a much more complex affair, and to find the fit man is correspondingly difficult. The director of a picture-gallery, wide as his field of study may appear, is comparatively a specialist. South Kensington includes pictures of all periods in its multifarious collection; it overlaps at various points the National Gallery, British Museum and Wallace Gallery, and covers the whole field of art that they do not touch. Begun as a museum to aid in the improvement of design, it has grown in a confused fashion, and of late years has got considerably out of hand. At present the purchasing is in the hands of an amateur committee. It is evident that no director can be a specialist in every department. What should be looked for is a man who has specialised knowledge in one or two departments, general culture, but above all an organising mind to relate and control the separate departments. It would be his business to bring order out of the present chaos, and to bring the departmental tradition up to the level reached at the British Museum. At present in this country there is no wide training-ground for museum departmental chiefs and directors, such as provincial galleries and museums ought to supply. The rule is amateur control, divided responsibility, and half-trained officials. But this is not to be wondered at when the example is set at the top of the tree. A Ministry of Fine Arts is needed there instead of the Board of Education and other boards that control our unrelated institutions. In the meantime some steps might be taken towards unification and efficiency if a strong man were appointed at South Kensington and given liberty of action.

THE CITY.

TWO factors have combined to produce activity on the Stock Exchange, namely, the prospect of peace in the Far East, and the steady accumulation of money in London, Paris, and Berlin. Although the war between Russia and Japan interferes hardly at all with the main currents of commerce, and although certain industries in England, Germany and the United States benefit largely by the war, still, as long as hostilities continue, there is the ever-present dread of international complications. It seems now to be generally assumed that it is physically im-

possible for Russia to continue the struggle much longer, and, after the fashion of the Stock Exchange, operators are busy discounting the peace before it arrives. Consols have once more emerged from the slough of the 'eighties, and have passed the magic figure of 90. But of course Japanese bonds have responded most emphatically to the peace rumours, the Fives rising to par, the Sixes passing par, and the Fours rising to 86. As it is certain that in the event of peace Japan will receive a substantial indemnity from Russia, and will add Korea to the Mikado's kingdom, the "bulls" of Japanese would seem to be justified in their faith. Next to Government loans the market which has attracted most attention is English Home Rails, the ordinary stocks of the North-Western Great Western and South-Western lines having risen substantially. Home Rails being what brokers call "heavy" stuff to carry, this market does not usually attract punters of the light irresponsible kind, and the rates are so stiff that it is rather a rich man's market. The revival therefore in this department is all the more welcome to the brokers whose clients are of the substantial sort. At last the Kent Collieries concern seems to have been rescued from the Serbonian bog of impecuniosity in which it has so long floundered, and to have passed into responsible financiers' hands. The proposed reconstruction has however created a sort of panic amongst the ordinary shareholders, and the shares have fallen to 3d. If coal should be found in payable quantity and at not too great a depth, it would put the Chatham and Dover Railway on its legs, and the junior securities of this line are worthy of the speculative investor. It should be remembered that Chatham Second Preference, now at 64, have been at 130.

The American Railway market has also been very strong. Union Pacifics have risen during the account from 126 to 137, Ontarios have put on 10 points, Steel Commons have been at 35, and Eries have been nearly 48, prices which recall the boom of 1901. American rails derive great strength from the fact that all the wealth of the United States flows into that market, for Americans never touch foreign securities, and strange as it may seem there is no such thing as a mining market in New York. There are of course plenty of rich mines in the United States, but they are worked by individuals or syndicates, who do not share their profits with the public. Therefore as long as America is prosperous commercially the American railway market is bound to remain strong. Business is undoubtedly good in the States and therefore the market withstands the periodic attacks of Mr. Lawson of Boston, who by the way has scored a triumph by the appointment of President Roosevelt's commission to inquire into the Standard Oil Trust. We believe that Union Pacifics, Southern Pacifics, Steel Commons and Eries will see still higher prices before the summer has passed over our heads. Missouri Kansas and Texas shares have still got their backers, and unquestionably the traffic returns of this line show a constantly increasing business. Argentine Rails continue to show a firm front, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Deferred stock, which a year ago stood at 60, are now 102. But rails of all countries are now as much in fashion as mines are out of fashion. For the Cinderella of Capel Court still continues to be the Kaffir market, which is quite in disgrace. An amusing correspondence has been going on in a financial organ as to whether the Kaffir magnates should or should not be taken out and hanged on the nearest lamp-post for not supporting their market. It seems to be forgotten that these stony-hearted monsters like a boom just as much as anybody else, as they have always got shares to sell. But it is not in their power to command a boom because they cannot force the public to buy. As Kaffir shares are divided at present into those which pay no dividends and those which yield 3 per cent. on their present prices, it is not likely that the public will buy them until a greatly increased output shows a reasonable prospect of a better return for their money. The output is increasing month by month, and the Chinese are coming in every fortnight. One fine morning, when we least expect it, and without any bell being rung, it will be discovered that Kaffirs are cheap.

LIFE ASSURANCE AS A WHOLE.

THE Life assurance returns deposited with the Board of Trade, and referring for the most part to the year 1903, have just been published. The summary contained in the Blue Book shows that in the course of the year the ordinary Life offices received nearly £24,000,000 in premiums, £1,900,000 as consideration for annuities, and earned interest on the funds to the amount of £10,000,000. The claims paid amounted to £16,700,000 and the funds increased during the year by £9,800,000. Figures of this kind have very little interest or meaning until they are analysed: when this is done the satisfactory nature of British Life assurance as a whole is brought out very clearly. The accounts show that the total receipts from policy-holders and annuitants amounted to £25,800,000, while the payments to policy-holders and annuitants and the addition to the funds reserved for their benefit amounted to £31,400,000, or £5,600,000 paid to, and accumulated for, policy-holders in excess of the amount contributed by them. The interest earned upon the accumulated funds is sufficient to pay the expenses of management, including commission, about three times over. As the rate of interest earned upon the funds was £3 14s. 8d., and as the expenses were provided for out of rather less than 1½ per cent. of the funds, it follows that the average investor in a Life assurance company receives back all the money he has paid accumulated at 2½ per cent. compound interest. Of course in many offices the results are greatly better than this, but that such a result should be accomplished when the figures of good, bad, and indifferent companies are all taken together must be regarded as extremely satisfactory.

There are three welcome features in this year's Blue-book: the expenditure, which has been steadily decreasing for some years past, shows a further decline and now amounts to only 13·71 per cent. of the premium income, a ratio which indicates very economical management and is vastly less than the expenditure usually incurred in the United States or the Colonies, and, so far as our information enables us to judge, far less also than the expenditure in any other European country. The rate of interest earned upon the funds is once again increasing and shows an improvement to the extent of 1s. 4d. per cent. as compared with the previous year. As against this, however, must be set the decrease in the value of investments which, after deducting the increase in value, amounted to £360,000. This is a much larger decrease than is shown in any previous year, since usually the increase in the value of investments is greater than the decrease. The whole of this amount must not be regarded as a loss, since much of it represents only the lower market value of the securities which the companies will continue to hold and the price of which to a great extent will recover. The exceptionally small amount paid for claims is quite in keeping with the tendency of recent years in this respect. The proportion of the total income, and the proportion of the premium income, absorbed in claims has been appreciably less in recent years than it was some time back, and seems to substantiate the fact brought out by the latest mortality investigation—namely that the mortality of insured lives is improving. Doubtless this is largely due to more careful medical selection.

The total assurances in force in the ordinary companies amounts to nearly £700,000,000. Policies participating in profits form 82 per cent. of the whole. Policies under which the sum assured is payable only at death constitute 67 per cent., and Endowment assurance, payable at a fixed age or at death if previous, accounts for 27½ per cent. of the total amount. The increasing popularity of Endowment assurances is shown by the fact that whereas the total sums assured only increased by about one-half during the last seventeen years, Endowment assurances during the same period have grown to be 7½ times as much as they were.

The record of the Industrial companies shows a premium income of £10,600,000, of which 43½ per cent. was absorbed in expenses, and 33½ per cent. in the payment of claims. The very unsatisfactory nature of Industrial assurance as compared

with Ordinary assurance may be seen from the fact that the contributions from policy-holders during the year amounted to £10,770,000, while the payments to policy-holders and the amount accumulated for their benefit amounted to only £6,230,000; so that Industrial policy-holders on the average, instead of receiving back from the companies more than they pay, only obtain a return of about 12s. in the pound for their contributions. This of course is largely due to the very heavy expenses, which, instead of being met out of one-third of the interest income, amount to five times as much as is received from interest. The Industrial assurances in force exceed £234,000,000. The magnitude of this Industrial business is in many ways to be regretted. We are not prepared to say that it is a greater evil than not assuring at all, but it is much to be desired that the working classes would avail themselves of the opportunities which are so freely offered to them of paying premiums monthly or quarterly instead of weekly, and so receiving much better value for their money.

THE HALL OF MOTORS.

THE motor exhibition is an inevitable accompaniment to that strange condition of things that is summed up in the hideous cliché—"the motor-car has come to stay"; and the great glittering show of motor vehicles that has just been held at "Olympia" afforded interesting evidence as to the growth of the new game and the development of the toys with which it is played. In the early days of motoring, and indeed until quite lately, people thought that the population of this island was divided into two classes—those who liked, and those who disliked, motor-cars. We know now that this is an incorrect classification, and that the two great armies are more accurately described as those who have motor-cars, and those who have them not. To possess a motor-car is inevitably to fall under its spell; to envy others the possession of it is perhaps to experience the highest possible disgust with the modern world's vulgarity. But there is a further subdivision of the class that possesses motor-cars and enjoys the use of them without undue capitulation to vulgar temptations, for they may be grouped as those who are riding in motor-cars, and those who are not. I confess that for my part I only find the motor-car tolerable when I am in it myself; if I see it from the outside, even though it were my own car, I detest all it means, and sigh for the simpler life. From which I gather that there is a third attitude towards the motor-car, and perhaps the most reasonable, which is found in those people who use, but do not own, motor-cars. For is it not the function of this magic vehicle, expensive, troublesome, useful, fascinating as it is, to belong to some one else?

I went to the exhibition at Olympia, therefore, in no very sympathetic mood; for there motor-cars could not be ridden in—only looked upon. Vast span of glass roof, hung with weird festoons of bunting; echoing clamour of voices, motor-horns, bands, shuffling feet; squares and streets and alleys of concrete laid out between scores of stands, imitation shops, stalls; clean-shaven young men, priests of the mechanical mysteries, in earnest converse with the slowly-drifting crowd; the crowd itself—infirm old men, sabled ladies, honeymoon couples, and couples about to honeymoon; people who could afford to buy, and yet hung back, people (a nobler race) who could not afford, yet bought extravagantly; and all drifting, surging, circling, walking, hurrying, loitering round—what? Things with wheels, with vital, fiery, impatient hearts, with wings to take men away out of themselves and their dull lives: motor-cars.

They stood there on the stands by scores and scores—brilliant, glittering, motionless. Is it any wonder that the gaping crowds were fascinated? The end of a motor-car exhibition is not to exhibit, but to conceal, not to convince, but to dazzle. Not the dull oily crank chambers, not the sooty heart where the piston-pulse beats eternally, not the mysterious carburetter, with its veiled and vital functions—not these are displayed to the visitor's eye; they would not draw the money from his purse. It is the wonderful paint-work of

Hooper, Mulliner, Kellner; the softly upholstered, cunningly shaped seats and fauteuils of Rothschild, the bodies, miracles of luxury, in which one is borne unconscious of the fiery energies below, in which, wrapped in fur and leather and waterproof, one may tear through the blizzards, and be carried through summer storms to where sunshine lies in the valley—it is this part of the motor-car that is prepared to allure and fascinate the visitor. They may be ugly enough, these glittering painted carriages—I do not say they are; but they stand for so much poetry, they entice so much imagination, they are so eloquent of the road, of travel, of winds and suns and open skies, that even in a motor show they must excite and liberate the sense of beauty in thousands of hearts. They are expensive, and there is a pathetic side to their expensiveness. For in proportion to all the throngs and crowds that loiter past the stands, how few there are that buy! How rare is the bona-fide purchaser, how common the timid inquirer, who gives himself for a moment the luxury of pretending he is thinking of buying! I saw many wistful glances, heard many sighs when the question "How much is that one?" had been answered in a brutal tale of many hundreds; and I sympathised. We were most of us like poor children in an expensive toyshop, where nothing costs less than five shillings, and we had only twopence-halfpenny; and I was myself conscious of the common pang as I gazed with the eye of knowledge upon a long, rakish 45 horse-power Mercédès, and reflected that I should probably never in my life possess one, and that probably no one else in that vast hall would be more capable of enjoying it!

It has a significant side, this wistful passing-by of the thousands who do not buy. Why do they come? I do not know if exhibitions of broughams and landaus are ever held; but if they are, I am quite sure that they are not frequented by thousands of people who cannot afford to keep carriages. As an entertainment, the motor show is tedious beyond expression; it is a weariness to the eye, to the feet, to the ears; it produces a peculiar kind of headache. They cannot go for general entertainment. No, something more profound and pertinent than idle curiosity or envy brings the crowds to Olympia and the Crystal Palace. They come because, although they know that for them motor-cars may be at the moment impossible, they wish to see how nearly within their reach they are coming; for they all want motor-cars. That is a startling fact; how startling, and how appalling it will be when they have all got motor-cars I do not like to think; but the one question with regard to this matter in the minds of ninety-nine men out of a hundred is "When will they be within my reach?" The mere fact that this stream of demand has set in means that the supply will come; and looming upon us in the near future I am very certain is the really cheap motor-car, with its attendant horrors and advantages. That is what the apparently aimless crowd at Olympia is after; that is why they are there; they are waiting for the cheap car, and when it comes they will be ready to take it away with them.

If I were asked by one of those tedious persons who insist on regarding his motor-car as a Social Factor, and not as a delightful toy, what is the chief feature of motor-car development as revealed by this week's show; and if I were compelled by circumstances to make some solemn and serious reply, I should say that the chief feature is arrested development. Four-cylinder engines are regarded now as the standard thing, and have been so regarded for several years; the different uses of live-axle and chain drives have been pretty well decided, and both remain; side entrances are now universal; honeycomb radiators have "come to stay" (I must say it again); magneto-ignition has been developed and perfected; all engines are silent now—in a word, there is nothing new in the big car; there is only refinement. I take it that for the moment the limit of development say in a 30 horse-power car has been reached; and that the craze for very high-powered cars is subsiding, and that the purposes of luxury are now admirably served by cars of between 15 and 25 horse-power; and that people are still, apparently, stupid enough to put enormously heavy carriage bodies on to light chassis, and then to wonder why their tyres and bearings and springs are

always going wrong. But there is no remarkable change in design or detail; and for the moment the harassed manufacturer can think of standardising his parts.

But it is only a breathing space. In the womb of the near future lies the light cheap car, that will make these heavy vehicles absurd and unfashionable; that will revolutionise people's ideas about transport, and all the rest of it; that will make an enormous reduction in toyshop prices. Not at the next show perhaps, nor the show after, but very soon. And then there will be a great deal of happiness let loose on the highways of England, and a great deal of bad language.

FILSON YOUNG.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.—I.

THE Committee of the International Society charged with organising this exhibition has worked with great zeal and remarkable success. It has brought together, in face of considerable difficulties, a very large proportion of Whistler's pictures, all but some dozen, indeed, of his best works; if the scruples of one or two owners had been overcome, the collection of the first-rate pictures would have surpassed in completeness the Goupil Exhibition of twelve years ago, and that included neither the "Mother" nor the adorable "Piano" picture. In addition to pictures there is an immense collection of etchings, lithographs and drawings, filling the vestibule and one of the large galleries. I shall not attempt to deal with these to-day, but speak only of the two galleries of pictures and studies. We have here an assembly of Whistler's work that we are not likely to see again in this country, for the "Mother" and some other pieces come from foreign museums, and it is not likely that all fine things remaining in this country will remain for ever. In the last twelve years we have lost the "Rose Corder" and "Lady Archibald Campbell" (only the "Fur Jacket" remains of that trio). We have lost the lovely "Music Room", the "Balcony", "Thames in Ice", "Princesse" and other pieces. All these have followed the "Mother". It is certainly time that a watch should be set on the masterpieces that remain, and as they come into the market that some of them should be secured for the National Gallery. It will be deplorable and disgraceful if of all the beauty created at Chelsea everything should drift away to foreign galleries. The battle about the merits of these pictures was fought and ended years ago. The whole world except a few official artists is agreed upon the subject. Indeed the steam-hooters of criticism, with their liberal use of the names of Velazquez and Rembrandt, have become so loud that more exact eulogy has become barely audible.

Whistler was not a prolific painter, and the pictures that count would number little more than fifty pieces. For the Goupil Exhibition he must have gone very carefully through the list of his works, including and excluding. Not very much of the first order was added in his later years. The present exhibition, therefore, has not a great deal to reveal; it is rather a final rally and review.

There is however a certain number of pieces that have not been seen for many years, and one or two that deserve to rank in a select list, though they are not of the first importance. One of these is the "Mère Gérard" a quite early and admirable little portrait.* The "Coast Scene in Brittany" (11) belongs to the same year as the "Blue Wave" (1861) and shows the painter working on the same sort of material. One is a study, the other is a magical picture, and it is edifying to compare them. Then there is the "White Girl" (Salon des Refusés 1863), which there will be much curiosity to see, for it has been in America for many years. It is not so perfect as reproductions led one to hope; the invention of it is striking; the dress and curtain, carpet and bear-skin are of beautiful workmanship, but the head has lost its fine colour and quality in a final working, and the left hand has been fumbled over

* It was in the Academy of 1861, but not the first picture exhibited, as the Catalogue states. The "Piano" picture was there in 1860. It is a pity that the catalogue, in which the pictures are fully described, does not contain ascertainable dates of production or first exhibition.

at a later date than the rest of the painting. The little fragment of flesh colour in the right hand alone preserves the original intention. The full-length portraits add nothing to the select list; the "Leyland" is not successful, the "Mrs. Huth" will not compare with the "Rose Corder". The "Duret" (Salon of 1885) is a complete mistake. Manet could have made something of the subject by vigorous treatment. Whistler's exquisiteness is rebuffed and thrown into confusion. In the same way his painting of the "Smith of Lyme Regis" reminds one of how the painter, according to his Boswells, insisted on picking his way over seaweed and rock with patent leather shoes. On the other hand the *Moonrise over Southampton Water* (9), sent from Chicago, is a real addition to the list of his work. The "Old Westminster Bridge" (35) is a fine thing (suffering unhappily from cracks). The "L. A. Ionides" (89) is a good early portrait, and the "Miss Kinsella", begun about 1894 and left unfinished, is one of the best things of the artist's later years. One or two studies at Cremorne have their interest, and the small portrait sketch of Mr. Kennedy (83) may be put beside that of Mr. Holloway. Both of these are bigger in design than the "Sarasate".

A series of portrait studies of which No. 1 is an example, the work of the last years, would be better away. The same is true of some failures of earlier date. A very glaring example, which hardly looks like a Whistler, is the *Nocturne* No. 38.

Time does not allow me to deal at length with the exhibition this week; I merely give some idea of its importance and interest. Everyone must see it, and see it more than once.

D. S. MACCOLL.

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI.

IT is a thing to create wonderment that so many people should set out to write histories either of music or of musicians without one or the other of two qualifications, and sometimes with neither of them—a knowledge of the subject or a power of literary expression. The other day Mr. Heinemann sent me a copy of a book published by him, "A Handbook to Chopin's Works" by Mr. G. C. Ashton-Jonson, in which I at once found some facts that were utterly startling. For instance, it is all very well to learn that the piano for which Mozart wrote was not "the magnificent" instrument of to-day; but one at once becomes incredulous when it is presently stated that it was a century later—that is to say, nearly the year 1900—when John Broadwood invented the loud and soft pedals. As a matter of fact John Broadwood invented neither the loud nor the soft pedal; but perhaps this Mr. Jonson may have special information from the next world, for it was before the end of the nineteenth century that John Broadwood left this world. Also, I can vouch for it that thirty years before the end of the last century I had seen both pedals affixed to pianos; and anyhow without my testimony we all know that Beethoven's works contain very careful pedal marks. Probably Mr. Jonson knows this as well as I do; but as he has not taken the trouble to learn to write—to say what he means—he succeeds only in leaving the impression on his readers' minds that he has never learnt the facts which he professes to relate.

However, Mr. Jonson and his sufficiently interesting book are for another day. At present I am occupied with another book, "Alessandro Scarlatti: his Life and Works", by Mr. Edward J. Dent (Edward Arnold). I have commenced thus because in the two books before me I see exactly the same faults. Both writers seem to know their subjects and even to a certain extent to have understood them; but I am perfectly certain that none save practised musicians will understand what they have written. Mr. Dent does not mislead us as to dates, but his method of expression is so careless that one is frequently at a loss to know what he actually wishes to say about Scarlatti's music. Or, perhaps, it is not true to say he expresses himself carelessly. Rather, he seems, like many Cambridge Fellows, to write as a lame man walks: the progress is slow and at times one knows not where the writer is going. Now, it is to be doubted whether it is

worth while writing a book on Scarlatti, but if the thing has to be done at all it must be done with the greatest clearness. Mr. Dent is not at all clear. He appears to have undertaken and carried out his task entirely from the amateur standpoint. His numerous pages of quotations from Scarlatti's works are the least original by Scarlatti that I have ever seen, yet they are given as the composer's most audacious inventions. And the numerous things that he did truly invent are never mentioned. It is precisely here that one asks why Mr. Dent has not referred to such obvious things; and my reply is that his pen has gone lame. And I add a simple proposition (as the Americans would say): if we are going to write music we must learn to write music; if we are going to write about music we must learn to write English. And now, Mr. Scarlatti.

Well, Scarlatti is in a peculiarly puzzling position for historians. Historians have always need of a subject or victim who begins or ends a school, or who is at least an important link in the growth of a school. Scarlatti did not found a school; he was not the crown and finish of a school; he influenced nobody of importance and cannot be reckoned an important link. He was a splendid musical genius; everything known about him goes to show that he was a powerful personality—perhaps the most powerful amongst the musicians after Handel and Beethoven; yet somehow he managed to stand curiously at one side of the main current. What he did, he did better than anyone else, or as well, or, in a few cases, nearly as well; only, always he did it, so to speak, a quarter of an hour too late for his achievements to be recorded by the historian. Mr. Dent remarks that it is odd that there should be no good biography of Scarlatti in existence; but to me it is not at all singular. Historians, as I have just said, need an historical subject—something that went to make history—and Scarlatti was not such a subject. Only once in a very long while does a biographer arrive with sufficient interest in an art—for its "own sake", apart from its history-making possibilities—to write about a personality who is sufficiently interesting although he made no history. Scarlatti has at last found such a biographer; but unfortunately Mr. Dent, though greatly interested himself in his subject, does not contrive to make it interesting for us. He does not even tell us, or make us feel, the salient characteristics of Scarlatti's music. I do not pretend in a short article to say all there is to say about it, but it is possible to give an impression.

The main characteristic of Alessandro, as of all the Scarlatti family, was a brilliancy to which everything was sacrificed. Again and again, in all of his music known to me, he loses the chance of writing an immortal phrase because of his determination to be brilliant. And here we have at once a reason why none of the Scarlattis was a great influence. To mould your successors you must be above all things sincere; you must have genuine feelings and express them with relentless disregard of mere effect. All the greatest men have done this, and so have won a sort of double fame: they have made themselves invaluable to posterity by the truthful exactness with which they expressed the emotions, and to the historians by their importance as links or climaxes of schools. Scarlatti was infinitely tender, without doubt—he wept over a libretto (how often I have nearly cried over Mr. Joseph Bennett's!)—but he never got his tenderness into his music, as Handel and Mozart did. He had an eye and an ear for beauty, but beauty went to the wall when it was possible to write something showy. Compare his "Stabat Mater" with the little one of Pergolesi which is constantly at the point of the sublime and you will see at once the difference between the serious, sincere artist and the extraordinarily clever showman. As a showman Scarlatti has his honourable place in history, and we ought to know what there is to know about him; but it is foolish to forget that he was a showman. That he was a sound and honest showman is obvious: his wish not to know a flute-player because "these chaps who blow wind-instruments are always out of tune" shows that he had a fine professional pride.

Scarlatti, then, I repeat, did what everyone else had just done, and though he did it better, he did it too late and with too little sincerity to affect his younger rivals.

Handel shows not the faintest sign of his influence, whereas the whole style of the music by which he became famous is derived from our English Purcell. We shall always be interested in Scarlatti because he was in his way a great genius and he wrote music, which if not absolutely necessary to us, as is the music of Bach, Mozart and Handel, is always interesting and serves to pass the time.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MR. CARTON ON HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

A YOUNG lady, on the eve of her wedding-day, engaged a maid for her honeymoon. Her aunt, who had arranged the marriage, found the bridegroom evidently trying to kiss the maid. She smiled genially, and said, in perfect good humour, "I heard that you had objected to the maid on the score of expense. I am glad you have reconsidered your objection".

If, a few days ago, you had told me this, and had challenged me to guess when and where it had occurred, I should have said, "Oh, surely in one of Carton's plays—with the aunt's part played by Miss Compton". In point of fact, it occurs in "Mr. Hopkinson", a play by Mr. Carton, produced this week (with Miss Compton as the aunt) at the Avenue Theatre. So, you see, Mr. Carton has not abandoned the "beau monde", nor alloyed his mode of depicting it. Let us hope that the pleasurable shock to Peckham (one has to use these symbols) will not have become less sharp by familiarity, or by scepticism. Let us hope that Peckham will long be faithful to Mr. Carton as a lasher of the vices of the age, or as a devil of a fellow—I am not sure which is its standpoint. Anyhow, Mr. Carton is faithful to himself. The Duke and Duchess of Braceborough, a middle-aged couple, are "good sorts" of the prescribed pattern, not living together as man and wife: she has her cavalier, he his mistress. They seldom meet, but are on perfectly good terms with each other when they do meet. Lord Gawthorpe is another "good sort", several times tested in the Divorce Court. When last he was co-respondent, so he tells us, the Duchess, like the brick she is, went every day to the Court, and sat on the Bench, and talked to the Judge till he didn't know where he was, thus greatly benefiting Lord Gawthorpe when the case was summed up. Moreover, the Duchess gave a large dinner to celebrate his lucky escape. Lord Addleton is a valetudinarian. There can be no scandal about him. But for Peckham's consolation there are frequent references to some very sensational scandal in which he was the central figure twenty years ago. Lady Thyrsa Eggesby, his daughter, has not been seduced. The absence of any hint that she has been may be taken as a proof of her innocence. But lest Peckham's comfortable wrath be mitigated by this one bright patch in the prevailing blackness, Lady Thyrsa is made to hoist a dubious standard of conduct for others. When the lady's-maid is being engaged, the Duchess says that Lady Thyrsa will probably make no difficulty about "followers". "Followers?" cries Lady Thyrsa to the maid. "Any number of them! Only, as we're going abroad, you'll have to pick them up and drop them as we go along." And when, next day, she makes a run-away match with Lord Gawthorpe, she looks shyly up into his eyes, saying "I will try to make you forget that I am only your wife". Idyllic, isn't it?

Now, I do not, offhand, condemn a work of art because it is not an idyll. That is a form of judgment quite common among British critics; but to me it never has commended itself. I am not squeamish. Such a play as "The Power of Darkness" disgusts me not at all. Such a play as that, disgusting though it is in the details of its subject-matter, is purged for me and made beautiful by the spirit that pervades it. Nay, even when I see an unpleasant play in which is no kind of ennobling philosophy, and in which the aim is merely to depict an unpleasant phase of life, I am saved from disgust, if I have the sense that what I see is sober truth to life. Does Mr. Carton go in for sober truth to life? He calls his new play "a farce"—a term that excludes sobriety. Presumably, the play has been written in a gay mood, with gay intent,

irresponsibly to truth, responsibly to naught but fun. But let us be careful to avoid all possibility of injustice. It may be that Mr. Carton has, despite his description of his play, lapsed into a serious portrayal of life. He may even have had a purpose. He may have said to himself "The Empire is still cankered at the core. I must perform yet another operation". But, with the best will in the world, I cannot find evidence of such grimness; nor does the play seem to me a copy from life. I am quite ready to admit that in one section of Society, the section most familiar to the public, there has been a decline in manners. I do not suppose that sexual morality has declined there much: in every age, the average of sexual morality is low amongst people who can afford not to work for their living. But certainly there is greater frankness now in immorality. Some people might regard this as a moral gain. I do not say that it isn't. But that it marks a decline in manners is undeniable. The question is whether Mr. Carton registers this decline accurately. So far as I can gather from hearsay, the actual people even in that aforesaid section of Society are not all, as Mr. Carton suggests, corrupt, and none of them is so blatantly corrupt as Mr. Carton might lead us to suppose them all. Of course, it is hard to prove a negative of this kind. For documentary evidence, I can but direct your attention to the occasional reports of divorce-suits between members of the set with which Mr. Carton is dealing. In the witness-box, of course, people are always on their best behaviour; but cross-examination is apt to reveal their ways of behaving elsewhere. And among the admissions wrung, the correspondence or diaries read aloud, I have found none indicative of such a tone as is indicated by Mr. Carton. Apart from the question of cynical frankness in tone, certainly the expression of the tone is not so vulgar as among Mr. Carton's creatures. Slang, doubtless, there is; but not this kind of slang. "The Duchess has a feed at the Cecil to-night" is not, if we may trust those diaries and letters which come to light, the way in which gilded youth excuses itself from an invitation to dinner. Nor does gilded youth say to its innamorata "Steady, old gal", I think. Certainly, we know that no elderly nobleman says to his valet "I will now retire to my apartment. Kindly lend me your assistance". And, if Mr. Carton fails to reproduce the formal manner of the elder generation, we may assume that his ear is not likelier to catch the informal manner of the younger. And, if he is inaccurate in his portrayal of the surface, we may assume that he is not less likely to err beneath the surface. We cannot, then, accept his play as true to life. But the play is a mere farce? I am breaking a butterfly on a wheel? That is what I intended to do. Ugly butterflies deserve to be broken. If a butterfly is not beautiful, it has no right to exist. If a farce is unpleasantly invented, it has no right to exist.

Possibly in fear that his portrayal of high life might be beginning to pall on Peckham, Mr. Carton has introduced a new and extraneous character, and has made this character the pivot of his play. Mr. Hopkinson's father was a rate-collector, and by some means Mr. Hopkinson has just come in for forty thousand a year. Ten thousand a year was the amount come in for by Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. Otherwise Mr. Carton has not attempted to bring Samuel Warren up to date. In modern life we have compulsory education. Nor is there quite the old hard-and-fast division between the classes. The lower-middle class picks up from "society papers" a good smattering of the details of high life. The son of a latter-day rate-collector is no Hotentot. Yet, when the Duchess tells Mr. Hopkinson that he must have a villa at Nice, "Nice?" he says, "that's somewhere beyond Ealing, isn't it?" After he has been moving for half a year in the highest circles, he is as uncouth as ever: "'arf a mo'", "bit o' orl right", "ever eat whelks?" "My Lord", and so on. Tittlebat Titmouse, if I remember rightly, acquired a veneer. But Mr. Carton will none of such subtleties. Mr. Hopkinson starts as a full-blown "snob" (in the old sense of the word: we are dealing with antiquities), and he continues in full bloom to the end. Of course the antiquity of him does not matter here. But I am

uncomfortably sure that if Mr. Carton had been writing not a farce but a realistic comedy, the figure of Mr. Hopkinson would have been presented in just the same manner, with a touching faith in its fidelity to life. And, indeed, I suspect that any other fashionable playwright would have sinned likewise. Our fashionable playwrights know nothing of the lower-middle class at first hand. But do they never read contemporary books? Have they never dipped into the novels of George Gissing, or Mr. H. G. Wells, or Mr. Pett Ridge? Is Samuel Warren the final name on their syllabus?

The modern "bounder" dresses quietly enough. The ancient "snob" dressed in a very wild manner. Mr. James Welch marks his sense of Hopkinson's obsolescence by appearing in the wildest costumes, as well as comporting himself as wildly as possible. Of course he is admirable. None knows better than he how to make farce rattle. But far finer secrets are locked up in him. Where is the key? Mr. H. G. Wells is said to have written a play for him. If this play be a realistic tragi-comedy of lower-middle-class life, Mr. Welch's bosom will be unlocked at last.

MAX BEERBOHM.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD RIVIERA.—III.

MY associations with Mentone are mingled. When I first passed through it, I rather think there was but one hotel and posting-house which Murray praised as "well managed". The place struck me as an ideal dream of beauty, and so it is. Many years afterwards to my sorrow I spent a month there, arriving in rude health and soon feeling good for nothing. To be sure, owing to circumstances, I did not take my usual exercise, but the climate, especially in the Western Bay, was insidiously enervating. The society besides was far from exhilarating. It had become a favourite resort of the pulmonary invalids who had hitherto been exiled to Madeira or to Hyères, which was comparatively accessible from Marseilles. The first of the migrant flights had settled at Cannes, but from the searching winds and the sharp changes of temperature they had been moving on to the sheltered Mentone. Now it is the fashion to chill consumptives in refrigerators: then they were to be nursed and coddled in natural winter gardens with an atmosphere of semi-tropical palm-houses. And all along the Italian coast-line from Nice to Amalfi they could have found no more suitable spot than Mentone. Screened from "a' the airts" with its amplification of mountain peaks, it tempts to lounging, donkey-riding and bath-chairing. There the country, or rather the garden, comes up to the churchyard—sinisterly suggestive—and to the town, with no interludes of paved paths to climb, overshadowed by darksome stone walls festooned with lichens and dripping with moisture. Now, as elsewhere, you get lost among villas and pensions. Then you stepped out on some thyme or heath covered steeps looking down into rifts torn in the tufa by volcanic forces, now glowing with golden oranges and clusters of the lemons, shrouded in green masses of the foliage of the fig, brightened up by the pink blossoms of the almonds. But the olive yielded the great harvest of the district, and where the sand mixed with the loam along the seashore, the grey gnarled stems had attained to secular growth and offered magnificent studies for the artist. Amateurs in any numbers were to be seen sketching them, and the peasants not yet demoralised by tips of the tourist were very friendly. These olives rivalled those of Apulia or Calabria, but I cannot say much for the vines. It was a sore strain on civility when they pressed you to swallow their wine; if the air of Mentone was salubrious, there was no mistake about the medicinal qualities of the vintages. When you made a peasant friend you kept him and had cordial greetings and warm hand-shakes in the street and the market. But there, as everywhere else in Italy, it was painful to see their treatment of the animals. Sitting on the esplanade of the Eastern Bay, a panorama of horrors was ever passing before you. The drays, overlaid with massive blocks of stone, were dragged by galled jades whose sores were aggravated by

thick blue fleeces, and though the wheels might belabour locked in the rutted sand, whips, goads and execrations would urge them to try the impossible. Nor were the women more tender-hearted. In the apartment we hired, we had engaged a most respectable cook and housekeeper—her cookery was detestable, though her marketing was above suspicion—and one day our lady's maid was drawn to the kitchen by pitiable screams. A rabbit was being skinned alive: there was nothing to be said except that it was the custom of the country. When I got thoroughly out of condition, I was sent for change of air up to S. Remo: then there was certainly only a single hotel there; behind the street that was the post road was a filthy labyrinth of gloomy lanes. The change to the breezy air worked wonders, and in a week I was my own man again. And in those days, in those sequestered health resorts you depended entirely on good air for good spirits: there was no gaiety, no lawn tennis, no croquet, and a meeting of hermits and hypochondriacs was only occasionally celebrated by a scratch picnic with indifferent comestibles.

I said in the first of these articles that Lord Brougham discovered the Riviera, but there I rather overshot the mark. The fair city of Nice was always well known to the travelling Briton, and English residents had given its name to the Promenade Anglaise. When I stopped there first, there were various comfortable hotels, but all were furnished in the solid, old-fashioned style of the Ship at Dover, the Clarendon or Morley's. Nice was then almost a Mentone on a much more extended scale. It broke back into picturesque country; the romantic slopes of the Cimiez and the Montboron with their magnificent sea views were blazing with beds of scarlet anemones and fragrant with the scent of flowering heaths and violets. You easily lost yourself in glades among the pine woods and might indulge, as I have done, in the amusement of bird-nesting. Then the railway came with the rush of winter residents. Fashionable hotels sprang up, and the hills were covered with pensions and villas. There was a land boom almost as sudden and as great as at the revival of Cologne. But unlike Cologne, there came a krach and a reaction. A Niçois in our consular service told me he was once persuaded in straitened circumstances to part with his family villa, greatly to his regret. Five years afterwards, having made some happy hits, he bought it back for two-thirds of the money that had been given, the fact being that at Nice even more than at Cannes speculators and the newcomers had cut their own throats. They enclosed great spaces; they swept woods away, and Nice like other industrial centres lost the better part of its rural attractions. Moreover quieter folk and invalids came to shrink from scenes of dissipation. There was ruinous play at the clubs, and episodes in the riot of the carnival which reminded one of what we read of eighteenth-century Venice. The mediæval pageant seems to match with the venerable Corso at Rome, but it was out of place in the new and garish Avenue de la Gare. I chanced to be in Nice when the French troops were passing through, on their way to the war in Lombardy. The cession of Savoy and Nice brought some notable changes in the aspect of the Western Riviera. Before, the only signs of possible wars were the old "Barbary Towers", built to guard against descents when the African corsairs made these shores their happy hunting-grounds. Sardinia had had no fear of an invasion in force by the Prince of Monaco with his army of thirty men. Now the Tête de Lion and the heights of Turbio were bristling with batteries to bar the road from Italy. The French Emperor could turn the key on the coast approach, though Cavour to his intense disgust had got the better of him, in the mountain passes, where under pretext of preserving Victor Emanuel's hunting-grounds he had secured all the strong strategical points.

I have watched the rise and progress of Cannes with interest and sadness. The place had been overboomed, though not so much as Nice, and of course the building has been overdone. It has been stretching to the breadth and height, as well as to the length. With mountainous ascents behind and some three to four miles of seafloor, only the most robust can trust to their legs,

and the more popular a man is in society, the heavier his bill for carriage hire. Indeed I have always maintained that Cannes is no place for people who cannot afford a carriage of their own. You are never safe from winds blustering through the cross streets, and at sunset a searching breeze is pretty sure to sweep down from the Estrelle. Coming back somewhat belated from the afternoon drive, the hood of the barouche or landau is invaluable. Even more than at Nice there has been devastation of the woods, and the axe has been laid even more ruthlessly to the roots of the fir trees, especially since the annexation of the sunny slopes of Californie. Happily neither walls nor barbed wire nor stern warnings against trespass can spoil the glorious prospects. Were it only for the sake of one enchanting walk I should always stop at Cannes for a couple of nights. That walk is almost identical with another above Malaga, for in both, following the course of a stone aqueduct along the face of the encircling amphitheatre of hills, you command the most superb panorama of land and sea, with the gleam of a great garden city brightening the foreground.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSIA AND ASSASSINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.
21 February.

SIR,—The admirable paragraph which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week, condemning in measured yet stern terms the attitude of the majority of the English papers with respect to the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, deserves to be widely read and approved. Over and over again have we been assured that we have no right to interfere in the internal politics of other countries. This has been the excuse offered for the apparent indifference with which the persecution of the Church in France has been received. When, however, it comes to Russia, there are no limits to the vituperation with which the Imperial family of that country is dealt with in the columns even of Conservative journals. After all is said and done, the Tsar of Russia is a reigning sovereign with whom we are, at least, on terms of neutrality. On Sunday week last the bill of a leading Sunday paper contained only these few lines in very large letters, "Will the Tsar Die To-day?". Another, an evening paper, a few nights ago had the following, "Russia Sworn to Revenge Herself and Destroy the Entire Imperial Family". Yet another, "The Tyrant Sergius Blown Up". Still a fourth, "The Tsar Condemned to Death". These sensational headings are, to say the very least of it, in the very worst taste. They are, moreover, exceedingly dangerous since they are a direct incitement to the bomb-throwing fraternity to carry on their murderous intentions, which may not be confined to Russia alone, for, in the eyes of your Anarchist, even our own popular Sovereign is a detestable tyrant. The leading articles extenuating the murder of the Grand Duke Sergius, a nephew by marriage of our own King, are nothing short of abominable. All the more so, as this assassination has taken place at a time when Russia is engaged in a disastrous war and is, we believe, seeking some remedy for the unfortunate state of her internal affairs. How can the Tsar be expected to study reforms when, with the approbation of the press of civilised Europe, his nearest and dearest are visited with violent and horrible deaths? Assassination will not remedy the evils of Russia, but rather increase them. The country, as you very truly observed, is not yet ripe for a constitution of the sort proposed by the professional agitators, who are working mischief in the Russian Empire, by egging on an ignorant people to ruin and death, whilst carefully screening themselves from harm. Sergius of Russia may not have been a very desirable person—it is difficult for us, in the midst of so much contradictory evidence, to ascertain the truth concerning the character of this

unfortunate Prince—but surely, were he even the worst of tyrants, it is not for us to applaud his murder. We may be sure that the people of Russia resent our attitude in this matter quite as bitterly as we did the caricatures published in Paris some years ago against our late Queen. The vast majority of the Russian people are still firmly attached to their ancient traditions, and even the Russian "patriot", if he be an honest man, cannot approve of assassination, or feel flattered by the manner in which the press of this country has, in most instances, endorsed it. The day may come when we shall have leisure to repent the hysterical manner in which thoughtless scribblers are playing with fire.

Yours truly,

RICHARD DAVEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—All people living where brutal oppression is impossible condemn assassins. But they should make allowances for those accustomed to such treatment, and who, having no other redress, come to a different conclusion.

Assassination is, no doubt, contrary to the Gospel. But so is brutal oppression. And so is that killing of human beings which has been going on during the last year in Manchuria. For the war had its origin in the aggressive greed of that class to which the late Duke Sergius belonged. These great people permitted their tool, the Autocrat, to assume Peace as his motto, but only on condition that it was to be, Peace with Plunder, and that their many military medals were never to be tarnished by the smoke of battle.

R. W. ESSINGTON.

[Our correspondent has at any rate discovered that assassination requires apology.—ED. S. R.]

MOTOR REGULATION IN SWITZERLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In an issue of the "Pall Mall Gazette" just brought to my notice, a paragraph appeared with the heading "Legal Brigandage in Switzerland", giving a very wrong impression which I should be glad if you would contradict. Probably it was written by a "Scorcher". In this short paragraph great offence is taken at the restrictions imposed upon motorists in the several Cantons. The writer seems to forget the restrictions imposed upon them in his own country and the heavy fines almost daily inflicted on hundreds of them, as may be gathered by the reading of the daily papers. That the Swiss attach more importance to human life and limb than may be convenient to the motorist, regardless of all but his own pleasure, may certainly be admitted. Whether they are justified in this view shall be left to the unbiassed judgment of the public at large. The best and only answer to the further unfounded accusations contained in the paragraph, is the text of the by-laws and regulations governing all the Cantons of Switzerland, with the exception of Uri and Grisons (not Vaud as the writer says) which alone do not allow motor-cars at all within their territory. As to confiscation of the motor-cars by the authorities, no mention thereof is made in the by-laws, as may be seen, so that it must be laid down to a flight of imagination on the part of the writer.

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones" is an old proverb and fairly applicable in this case. The restrictions and fines imposed in England compare very unfavourably with the measures of precaution dictated in this country by the safety of the majority as against the carelessness of a small number. It is certainly unfair, not to use a stronger word, to tax a people with brigandage who above all others show such hospitality and courteousness to strangers from all parts of the world, and who in the making of their laws are solely governed by the welfare of the masses.

AN ENGLISHMAN LONG RESIDENT
IN SWITZERLAND.

CONCERNING DR. ARNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 February, 1905.

SIR,—I have read your musical critic's article on Dr. Arne, which is no doubt in the main a just one. I would ask however, did Dr. Arne write the music to "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" and "Water parted from the sea"? If so, does Mr. Runciman consider either, or both, these songs good music? I do not wish to intrude my own opinion, but merely ask for information.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. J.

UNDERFED CHILDREN IN SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The "Peterborough" School, Clancarty Road,
Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.

SIR,—A leader re above, in your issue of 21 January last, suggests "supplying the children of vicious parents [with food], and, for outlay on this account, enforcing a claim with the greatest strictness". May I venture a word against the hopelessness of even attempting to feed children, in the expectation of getting back the cost of the meals from this class of parents? To pile up accumulations of arrears by the thousands, while one can only deal with the parents in units, is to enter upon a task which will leap at once to the dimensions of the gigantic. Irregularity cases are but few compared with the meals arrears which would accrue, yet see the trouble these have given for years. Nor does the suggested feeding scheme seem necessary. In South Fulham, there were given last season, without the slightest hitch or difficulty, 17,382 hot meals to poor children, and the numbers this season promise to be larger still. No debts were incurred. Of course no call of any kind was made on the rates. No bona-fide cases were refused. Is anything further needed?

Yours faithfully,
E. J. FOOKS
(Hon. Sec. Underfed Children's Sub-committee).

PRIVATE SLAUGHTER-HOUSES AND THE GOVERNMENT COMMISSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Birkdale, 11 February, 1905.

SIR,—May I be permitted to say a word by way of supplementing that to which Mr. Howard Williams calls attention in your columns, anent the excessive suffering "horrible and horrifying", inflicted upon sentient beings slaughtered daily, for the convenience and sustenance of man. Some time ago it fell to my unpleasant lot to visit one of our slaughter-houses, and what I there saw convinced me that the slaughterers on the whole did their work with commendable despatch, inflicting no more pain than the methods of slaughter demanded, and that with one notable exception the methods of slaughter were perhaps as merciful as they well could be. Exception however and very serious exception must, I venture to submit, be taken to the method of sheep-slaughter, sheep-sticking I believe it is called.

The ox is stunned, rendered insensible before the knife is used; not so the sheep. Were this the fitting place, I could from my own personal knowledge relate most sickening details of the prolonged agonies some of these poor creatures are compelled to endure ere life becomes extinct; but forbear, having I am sure hinted at sufficient to set humane people thinking. My point is that you stun the ox and the calf before using the knife, then why not the sheep?

If only we are prepared to treat this question on natural and common-sense lines, we cannot fail to note that while vivisection experiments are comparatively rare, the kind of torture to which I have alluded is going on all over Great Britain, all the year round, and

I am assured that in most cases the surgeon's vivisectioning lance is a mere scratch in comparison.

That the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should have omitted to take note, and report upon, this unexceptionally severe and indefensible method of taking life, surely requires some explanation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. S.

"TOWARDS BETTER TEACHERS".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Canonbury, 22 February, 1905.

SIR,—Pray allow me a few words in reply to the letter of Mr. Ambrose T. Raynes, which appeared in your issue of the 18th inst. He states that he has had and still has "many opportunities of watching the policy of these various teachers' unions", but through what spectacles has he and does he view these opportunities? Is it wrong to agitate for better conditions of service and for better salaries? If so, we err in good society—note recent actions of Secondary Teachers' Associations—and can claim that, as imitation is acknowledged to be the sincerest form of flattery, we ought to feel flattered. What are our responsibilities?

To free both teacher and taught from cramping regulations, to have such a system of education that the children to be taught shall have the best possible chance of availing themselves of every opportunity and of putting such to the best possible advantage. Although we have still much to do we have helped to get rid of "Payments by results", we have driven out commercial measurement as a factor in assessing a teacher's work, the half-time system has nearly gone, fourteen years of age—as the school-leaving age—the Berlin pledge—is now on the horizon, freedom of classification and the right to arrange subjects of instruction and to employ rational methods are not now empty terms but living factors, and the teachers have done their best to get established a rational system of education under one authority. And the progress would have been greater but for the opposing forces of class interests, religious rivalries, and social prejudices.

Referring to the article on the above subject which called forth the letter from Mr. Raynes I should like to add that the alterations effected in the original proposals of the L.C.C. Education Committee thoroughly justify the opposition of the teachers to those proposals. The original proposals entirely failed to safeguard the interests of parents with incomes below £160 per annum. Now two-thirds of the scholarships must be held by children whose parents receive less than that amount.

Mr. Dickinson in securing that the scholarships should be continued till the age of sixteen without any conditions as to pupil-teachership succeeded in making the scheme simply a scholarship one.

The teachers welcome those who come from a "more cultured source", but they object, however, to men and women without the least experience, though possessing the highest academic distinctions, being placed in the schools as responsible teachers for sixty children. I believe that our legal and medical friends would also object to men, however distinguished academically, without practical skill being similarly placed in their professions. Entrance to the medical and legal professions is to a great extent controlled from within. Unfortunately for teachers the entrance to their ranks is in the hands of a Government department which lowers the qualifications to suit the demand, and to meet the wishes and pockets of those who own the schools. The teachers in "clamouring" for better training, &c., of course lay themselves open to the charge formulated in the latter part of the article under consideration. Trades unionism is an expansive term, and I rather fancy that if medical and legal journals and societies were scanned as critically as those of the teachers the term would also apply to some of their proceedings.

Yours faithfully,
E. S. MORTIMER.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE

(From LERMONTOV.)

HE sleeps in his last sleep, long time
 He sleeps in his last sleep :
 Green breadths of grass approach and climb
 To roof his earthen heap.

Hoar ringlets of the patriarch moulder
 Mixt in the paste of clay ;
 Time was, they wagged upon his shoulder
 And dipped in goblets gay—

Oh ringlets white as foam of seas
 Against the headland flung !
 The cold has froze what nought could freeze,
 The sweet counsels of his tongue.

The dead man's cheeks, they're full as pale
 As his foes' faces grew
 Pale, when their ranked array to assail
 Alone he rose to view.

Damp sods his breast do bury,
 But that's no burden now :
 The worm, all undisturbed and merry,
 Pries in and out his brow.

Lived he for this ? Drew sword for this ?—
 That, come the hour of dark,
 The eagles of the wilderness
 Should perch on his green ark ?

Had he no bards—that name, that strife
 In the mind of men to keep ?
 Why song's but song, and life's but life—
 He sleeps in his last sleep.

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

REVIEWS.

THE ONENESS OF TRAGEDY.

"Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare." By Lewis Campbell. London: Smith, Elder. 1904. 7s. 6d.

"The Tragedies of Seneca." Rendered into English Verse by Ella Isabel Harris. London: Frowde. 1904. 6s. net.

THE gulf between ancient and modern tragedy is, at first sight, wide indeed. It is often said that every nation has its own especial art, and that this art pervades and colours all other manifestations of the national genius. Now the "ars artium" of the Greeks was sculpture, and therefore their tragedies are sculptural; calm magnificence of posture, stately and rhythmic gesture, measured and sonorous speech are the ideal methods of the Hellenic stage. So also with the background and accessories; the vast theatre open to the heavens, the long sweeping robe, the thick-soled buskin, the towering headgear, the mask of fixed expression fitted with a mouthpiece for additional resonance. Everything savoured of the heroic and divine, everything recalled the statues of the gods they worshipped, everything was colossal and almost stationary, and the resultant impossibility of violent action gives us the convention of the Messenger, who narrates the deeds of violence that these stately figures could not perform with dignity. And again, the audience. The spectators of the Attic drama were the soul of the people, alert, intellectual, sane and critical, combining uniquely in one harmony of ritual

and art to worship Dionysus and to give their verdict on the plays performed in his honour.

How far different are the modern conditions! Shakespeare's theatre was small, his audience an ill-assorted blend of Court gallants, pedants and scholars from the Universities and the Temple, and "the groundlings of the pit" clamouring for horseplay and melodrama. On the other hand his actors were unmasked, his choice of subject was freer, his plots were not cramped by the artificial claims of the "Unities", and his scope of characterisation was much wider. There is moreover another salient difference between us and the Greeks. We have done with Dionysus now, done with the chorus of his worshippers, his blazing altar.

"A great hope traversing the earth"
 Has taken all the young world's bloom",

and the poet's outlook on life can never again be unconsciously youthful, that is, Hellenic.

Yet, deep under all these divergencies, we find, in the last resort, the one Tragic subject, world-wide and for all time—the human spirit in conflict; conflict against outer powers in ancient Tragedy, conflict against self in the modern. "The Greek drama" says Goethe, "is the drama of Destiny, the modern, the drama of Will". In the one, the nature of man is moulded from without by *ἀνάγκη*, in the other, from within, by its own frailties. The protagonists of Shakespeare's tragedies knew nothing of an external *Ἄρη*, as did "scenis agitatus Orestes"; their undoing is brought about by their own ethical defects. Lear shows us the egoism of pride, Hamlet the egoism of thought, Romeo and Juliet the egoism of passion. Here is no "ill-matched undying fight" between man and a predominant Deity; here is but the failure of the individual will to project itself on to fact.

The oneness then of Tragedy is radical, and though we cannot claim for Æschylus and Sophocles any explicit share in the making of Shakespeare, yet there is to be found in modern Tragedy, by those who have skill to trace it, the Greek spirit, in solution.

If the direct influence of the Greek on the modern drama may be questioned, there is no doubt whatever that Latin Tragedy, as represented by Seneca, had, both directly and indirectly, strong determining influences on the Tragedy of the Renaissance. Seneca had in England his imitators, notably the author of "Gorboduc", or "Ferrex and Porrex", as it is better known, and he was the model for Racine, Corneille, and for playwrights in Italy and Germany. Professor Saintsbury is correct in stating that this direct influence soon died out in England, but he quite fails to see how the great writers of the period have taken Seneca's rhetorical bias. Many of them, including Shakespeare, express the profoundest truths of psychology in terms of rhetorical convention. Heywood, alone of his school, has a higher truth of expression than of sentiment, and is as unlike Seneca in his "Woman Killed with Kindness" as he is like Plautus in his comedy "The English Traveller".

That Seneca should have taken such hold on the Europe of the Renaissance is all the more surprising from the fact that to more modern taste his plays are frigid and inane, exhibiting false passion, mock sentiment, and a total lack of dramatic interest imperfectly concealed by rhetorical presentation of moral platitudes. Seneca and Lucan, relatives and fellow-provincials, are both symbolical of the decadence in the arts which inevitably accompanies the loss of public liberty, just as the finest efforts of artistic genius have been evoked by some national triumph or some national awakening. The young blood of the provinces, lacking all incentive to find new vent, in vain poured down the old artistic channels. The result is formal, cold and barren.

We are indebted to Miss Harris for an attempt to set a Latin author before English readers, and also for combining so opportunely with Professor Campbell to furnish a text for this article; but there gratitude must stop. The work has evidently cost the author some considerable labour, and might perhaps have been freer from error had some one of the goodly band of coadjutors whom she mentions in her preface been more vigilant; as it is one finds sometimes amazing

bathos, as when the already unfortunate Io is described as

"Shining Bacchus' aunt",

or when Hercules in woman's garb

"Struck gentle music from the tambourine",

and sometimes glaring false quantities—

"In Phrygian Sipylus, Cadmus still".

(By the way, "Phrygian" and other similar words are to Miss Harris alternately dissyllabic and trisyllabic.) Or again—

"Have felt his power. The scattered Geloni".

In her preface Miss Harris modestly disclaims the poetic gift. "Ideally" she says, and says with truth, "the chorus should have been in lyric form; and it was with some regret that the decision was reached that this task was beyond the translator's poetic power, and that blank verse must be retained throughout, &c., &c." We should like to ask her, first, whether blank verse does not require as high "poetic powers" as lyric verse, and, second, why, with so deep a distrust of her "poetic powers", she embarked on the venture at all? "C'est si facile de pas écrire". Perhaps it is her power of rhyming she doubts. If so she wrongs herself grievously. We have with our own eyes seen several first-class rhymes in her "blank verse". For the rest, the version before us has caught the spirit of the original to some extent; it is on the whole a correct rendering, and has certainly reproduced one or two of the characteristics of Seneca to which we have alluded above.

We turn with pleasure to Professor Campbell's book, expecting to find erudition and clear judgment therein, nor are we altogether disappointed. So much has been written on the Attic drama, so many able scholars have dissected the Attic dramatists, that it must need a confident hope of contributing new material to induce one to bring out another book of this nature.

For the purposes of this review we have treated Æschylus and Sophocles as a single entity, contrasted, as such, with Shakespeare. But of course the two differ widely in ideals and methods. Want of space forbids any attempt to weigh their respective merits here, and indeed the question has been thoroughly threshed out, notably by Professor Campbell himself, but we may point out in passing that Aristotle gives us the just standard of discrimination. "Poetry" he says "is the proper business of the artist or the enthusiast", εὐφροῖς ἢ μανικῶν. Sophocles of course is the former, Æschylus the latter, and it is no doubt to the innate ove of the Greek for "the golden mean" that Sophocles, with his "even-balanced soul", owed his unquestioned supremacy among his countrymen. The burlesque contest in the "Frogs" between Æschylus and Euripides is a curious proof of this, for Sophocles is tacitly assumed to be "hors concours".

This book of Professor Campbell's consists of sundry chapters on the nature and component parts of Tragedy, and contains furthermore a short essay on each of his playwrights, and notes on some of Shakespeare's plays. The plan of the work is a little sketchy, but the book itself, if not perhaps presenting anything absolutely novel, has at any rate enabled us to renew old literary friendships and even to form fresh ones. The Professor's reading, as we have hinted, is very wide, and he quotes copiously, yet with judgment. His general conclusions are always well reasoned, if not always acceptable. It is really only when he descends to detail that one feels inclined to join issue with him, as in the series of obiter scripta and unmethodical textual criticisms which he dignifies with the name of "Chapters on Tragic Diction". Here one sees with surprise ("Antigone", 601) that he still prefers the harsh and obscure *kónus* to the infinitely superior *κόνις* adopted by Professor Jebb and again ("Œdipus Tyrannus", 1222) we find Jebb's rendering of "κατεκοίμῃσα τοῦτον ὄμμα" far truer both to language and psychology.

He has handled ably the difficult problems involved in the discussion of "katharsis" and "irony"; his remarks on "climax" and "catastrophe" in Tragedy, and the frequent abuse of these terms, are sound, and in his analysis of Shakespearean characters he makes some

very clear and convincing points. The book, on the whole, will be an aid to the comparative study of drama, and indeed the field of classical literature has been so thoroughly reaped that the gleaner's task has long been arduous and somewhat thankless, and should certainly be exempt from captious criticism.

PERDU.

"Sur la pierre blanche." By Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1905. 3 fr. 50.

THIS book is framed on the colloquial model of Plato's dialogues. Five Frenchmen of the latest pattern—among whom one easily recognises M. France himself as Nicole Langelier—and a well-known Italian archæologist are made to converse and exchange ideas in a quiet corner of the recently excavated Forum Romanum, at sunset in spring—very much as Socrates and young Phædrus did a good many years ago under the shade of the huge plane tree by the shore of the Ilissus. Like Phædrus, two of the interlocutors have manuscripts, not under their "himation", as Socrates' friend, but in their pocket—and again like Phædrus, they are anxious to read them to their friends: they are easily persuaded to do so, and the manuscripts turn out to be two short tales both published already elsewhere by M. France, but used here to fill up the volume. As for sophisticated trash, they have nothing to learn from the oration by Lysias which Phædrus was holding under his gown. In his eagerness to put himself on a level with Plato, M. France has even taken the trouble of giving us a new but rather flat and nauseous version of Aristophanes' amusing speech in the "Symposium". Needless to say the author modestly assumes the rôle of Socrates; but he is hardly equal to the part. The dragging story of Nicole Langelier's ideas "de omni re scibili et de quibusdam aliis", from S. Paul, Christianity and Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?" (M. France's special "bêtes noires") to contemporary French politics and politicians, militarism, the Russo-Japanese war, the future of humanity, the yellow races, and Heaven knows what else, has small affinity with Socrates' wit, good sense, and deep philosophy.

In truth the outside coat is the only thing "Sur la pierre blanche" has in common with the "Phædrus", the "Symposium" or the "Politeia": the ideas, as far as depth of thought and high criticism are concerned, are on a level with those of Flaubert's immortal *Homais*, and often with those of Halévy's scarcely less illustrious Monsieur Cardinal, whose religious opinions and famous political programme are very much the same as M. France's.

The unfortunate reader begins with a disappointment, for the opening piece is but a poor amplification by a pedantic and very much prejudiced sectarian of the story of S. Paul's appearance before the proconsul Gallio in Acts xviii. 12-17. He then toils through a number of dreary dissertations which make up the middle of the book. Having at length got through them, if he does get through them, he finds his final reward in an insipid tale which appeared first in the "New York Herald's" Christmas number for 1903, and later in Mr. Jaurès' "L'Humanité". This stale novelty, a poor echo of Lytton's witty and deeply philosophical "Coming Race", purports to show what the world will be in the year 2270, after the triumph of collectivism; it closes the volume, and, as it is supposed to be a dream, explains the title, "Sur la pierre blanche", borrowed from Lucian's "Philopatris": "thou seem'st to have slept on the white stone, amidst the dream-people".

In fact the book is not worth reading. Nothing remains of the Anatole France of olden days: politics and narrow sectarianism have killed the charming author of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard", "L'Etui de Nacre", and "Le Lys Rouge", the amiable and witty sceptic who wrote "La Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque", "L'Orme du Mail", and "Le Mannequin d'Osier". Once more is the truth vindicated of Lord Salisbury's saying that the man of letters who turns to politics can never return to literature.

A DISCIPLE OF GORDON CUMMING.

"In Unknown Africa." By Major P. H. G. Powell-Cotton. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1904. 21s. net.

THE book to which Major Powell-Cotton gives the high-sounding title of "In Unknown Africa" can scarcely be said to be conceived in a cheerful spirit. It begins with a grumble similar to Lord Hindlip's in the "Times" at "the directorate of our national institution", that is, the British Museum; it grumbles at almost everybody in authority in East Africa; it grumbles at the game preserves; it is most severe on "Foreign Office ineptitude"; it complains of the "niggardly and suspicious spirit" in which the author was treated whereby he was prevented from slaughtering many more animals, and it ends by suggesting how easily "an official in one of the remoter stations, who wished to handle ivory for his own profit, could favour those likely to provide him with cattle for trading purposes. The Government porters and police could be used for the business", &c. Of course all this may be purely hypothetical, but we venture to tell Major Powell-Cotton that Englishmen do not like the suggestion that the King's officials, even in the "remoter stations" of East Africa, could dream of wishing to evade the laws they are bound to administer and to "handle ivory for their own profit". The thinly-veiled imputation seems to us utterly unjustified and most improper. As regards the title of the work we presume that it refers to Africa as unknown to the reader, for otherwise those parts of it traversed by Major Powell-Cotton upon this expedition can surely scarcely be described as unknown to white men.

The main object of the author's journey, which began in 1902, appears to have been sport, and in order to obtain more of it, when the British Museum refused to interfere, he persuaded the Hon. Walter Rothschild to bring his influence to bear to procure a relaxation of the East African game laws in his favour on condition that he presented specimens of giraffes to the Museum. To follow his shooting adventures is not necessary, nor to speak truth do they make particularly interesting reading. There is a certain sameness about these tales of the slaughter of animals, of their wounds and strugglings, and whether or no they required a "finisher" in the shape of a bullet through the heart or brain. Suffice it to say, therefore, that Major Powell-Cotton killed a great quantity of game of all sorts from lions down to monkeys, that he is evidently a good shot and a good sportsman in the sense that he did his best to preserve his trophies, no easy task, especially in the case of giraffes, the skins of which had to be dried upon a framework. Also the British Museum seems to have benefited largely, since some of his best specimens are now in its collection. A look at the list of his slain, however, shows how necessary are those game laws of which he makes complaint. There are many rich people who like Major Powell-Cotton can afford to expend £200 a month or so upon an expedition to kill big game, and the power and accuracy of modern rifles are such that unless their ardour were kept within bounds most of these beautiful and interesting species would soon be utterly destroyed. He says that the laws are broken by natives and sportsmen who throw away the heads and thus avoid detection. If so, this is only an argument for the stricter enforcement of those laws, which doubtless will be carried out when more money is available. That there is still time to prevent the destruction of the large game of East Africa, as the bison have been destroyed in America and the smaller buck on the Transvaal plains, may be seen from the following extract which we quote, because it strikes us as a good word-picture, and indeed as one of the best bits of writing in the book:—

"... When we got abreast of the rock, a column of beasts that had gradually been crowding together, streamed across our front. It was impossible for me to count them with any accuracy, but there must have been not less than 200 hartebeest, 300 to 400 zebra, and some 20 eland. They made a striking picture as they galloped off in a body, wheeled round to our left, and then all massed up together facing us. The

chestnut coats of the slight, cleanly-built hartebeest, and the brilliant black-and-white of the cob-like zebras, contrasting with the massive grey eland, stood out clearly against the dark background of the rock. One moment the mass remained almost motionless as they gazed at the intruders, the next there was a sea of tossing horns, waving tails, and flashing hoofs, as they turned to gallop further afield, while the changing light caused by the heavy clouds of a coming thunderstorm drifting across the sun, added not a little to the grandeur of the scene."

More interesting to the general reader than the oft-repeated tale of the deaths of these noble beasts will be the account of the great caves in the neighbourhood of Fish River which are still occupied by a race of troglodytes. It appears, both from Major Powell-Cotton's testimony and that of sundry other writers, that these caves were undoubtedly dressed and adapted to their present use by the hands of men, whose tool-marks are still to be seen upon their surface. What race undertook so gigantic a labour remains a mystery to which their present inhabitants can give no clue since they admit that they and their forefathers were quite incapable of carrying out such a work.

Major Powell-Cotton tells a pathetic story which illustrates how faithful the poor, despised savage can be to his word. He says that in 1891 Colonel Macdonald left some huts full of stores in charge of the Dodosi tribe at a place called Titi. Another tribe, the Turkana, have ever since been striving to capture these stores, while to defend them, according to our author, the Dodosi sacrificed "hundreds of lives and saw village after village of their people wiped off the face of the earth". Meanwhile the stores had all rotted. For these lamentable occurrences Major Powell-Cotton states that the Government are to blame, since they could easily have sent word that the goods were no longer worth defending. He adds "yet this idea never seemed to have occurred to any responsible official. It is always easier to let things slide". If Major Powell-Cotton has not been misinformed, certainly it would appear that very grievous wrong has been done to the Dodosi people.

This book might have been shortened with much advantage, but its readers will be rewarded here and there by passages of considerable interest. Particularly do we commend them to the account of the cemetery discovered by the author, whither when at length they feel their end approaching, the elephants come to die.

THROUGH TUSCANY.

"The Road in Tuscany: a Commentary." By Maurice Hewlett. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1904. 21s. net.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Hewlett has produced that most difficult of all things, a remarkable and readable book of travel. Praise is uppermost in our minds on a first reading, even when we are most conscious of the author's faults and limitations. For the talent of it is great, and the humanity of it carries us along before we have rightly time to frame our protest. "Let the history, fine arts, monuments and institutions be as fine as you please", says Mr. Hewlett, "the best product of your country will always be the people of it". Bravo! "I have always preferred", he goes on, "a road to a church, always a man to a masterpiece, a singer to his song; and I have never opened a book when I could read what I wanted on the hill-side or by the river bank". Again, bravo! bravissimo! This is the way to see Tuscany or any other country, and Mr. Hewlett has, on the whole, adhered with fidelity to his programme. In the concluding chapter he says: "Let it be assumed, for argument's sake, that I have made one thing—nay two things—clear up to this point: the first that the heart of Tuscany is worth getting at; the second that there is no sure road to it through the plastic arts." This we take to be the most notable thing about Mr. Hewlett's book: his road to the heart of the country does not lie through the regions of its art. There is talk about art of course, but not irritating, inconclusive, last-word kind of talk, though his censoriousness when Mr. Berenson's name comes up jars a

little. But in spite of the author's daring, dashing short-cut to the heart of Tuscany, it must be confessed that he never really gets there. What Englishman does, save a rare Englishman born in the country, and he usually gets only at the worse half of the heart, or if at the better, he would be more likely to turn priest or monk than literary man for our illumination.

We have called the book readable and remarkable, and so it is, but it is not altogether a successful book about Tuscany. It has uncanny defects difficult of definition. Pose, however, is one of them. Pose is seldom absent, even when pathos, humour and profundity are delighting or astonishing us. The style, with its twisted English and inapposite use of obsolete or little-used words, adds to this feeling of pose. The command of English is wonderful; the instinct of style is strong; but the outrage on nature is patent. One is set wondering how this man of talent with his human heart can be little enough to be artificial, and dense enough with all his insight not to see that pose must inevitably betray itself. Attitude is what is the matter with the book, and the author's very best notes often do not ring true. As to Mr. Hewlett's one grave well-known and much-lamented defect, this book is happily almost wholly free from it. We would advise the reader, however, if he have any sense of old-fashioned wholesome decency, to skip altogether a chapter called "The Picture of Livia": otherwise he will only fume and pitch the book to the other end of the room: there are good things coming too: and we would not for worlds that he should miss the portrait of the little Aretine milliner which follows hard after, strange contrast to the unclean cynical stuff which has gone before.

Mr. Hewlett's knowledge of the religion of Tuscany is considerable, and his attitude towards it just on the whole and full of insight. That is half the road to the heart of Tuscany. True he thinks it witty to talk of Santa Fina as a "precocious little macerating baggage of thirteen", and surely it is against his knowledge—if his knowledge be indeed profound—to think of cloister thoughts as "unholy spawn". But much may be forgiven to a man of talent. This, for instance, would be charming if one were quite sure that the note rang true: "How our country [England] prospers, nourishes the virtues, tells the truth, spends its happy ease, without the Madonna to smile approval, to admonish or counsel, I do not in the least understand. Still less how, having once had her for its friend, it could ever have decided to do without her." Closely associated with the religion of the country is what Mr. Hewlett happily calls "the Gallery system", the endless galleries of religious pictures which have no business to be there, and the museums of sacred objects never meant for repose under glass cases. Mr. Hewlett's protest is the first of the kind which we remember to have seen from an English pen. "Pallid old crucifixes; predellas without their altar-pieces; aumbry doors torn from the sacred Host they sheltered . . . alas! what are they doing here? They belong to the Holy of Holies; they illuminate the most recessed song of the soul; they are our intensest private devotion; and here they all are, brazening it out like tavern signs. Well may the traveller say that it is a pitiable thing, both that the faith to which they testify can be so dead, and the curiosity they are to satisfy be brutal enough to have killed it." And so it is a relief to find that Mr. Hewlett's "little say about Tuscan pictures at large has been mostly confined to those which are growing in the corners where they were planted".

But if Mr. Hewlett's sympathies are large, his insight keen, where the religion of Tuscany is concerned, he is painfully insular and British when a Medici comes upon the scene. He is perpetually giving them bad characters as men, when he should be remembering their fine qualities and merits as rulers. And so it happens that the picture which he presents to us of a great line of princes is abusive and nothing more: Alexander is the "black satyr" and the "negro bastard"; Cosimo the Great a "bully"; Francis I. a "moody fool"; Ferdinand I. a "dull man"; Cosimo II. a "great porphyry man"; (Ferdinand II. he has happily overlooked); Cosimo III. a "hag-ridden bigot" and a "Jesuit" tout court (does Mr. Hewlett really believe

that the Grand Duke was a Jesuit, or is this merely a survival of Early Victorian vituperation?). This style of abuse is ages behind the times; it serves no good purpose; it teaches us nothing; but, to the general reader, it does effectually obscure the fact that all these princes had the good of the commonwealth much at heart. Gian Gastone, who was not without public spirit in very trying circumstances, comes in for Mr. Hewlett's worst abuse: he is a "dreary frip", a "dribbling old fop", a "wig" (and nothing more): with the rest of his race he is "thick-lipped, narrow-browed, fish-eyed and dull". Mr. Hewlett has seen his bust "smirk" from the Palace of the Knights of S. Stephen at Pisa, and "thrust his lip at" the place where once stood the Hunger Tower. An unlucky shot this, for the bust of Gian Gastone was never placed on the Palace of the Knights, and to be seen must be sought in the local Museo Civico. We do not grudge the spirit of the last of the Medicean grand dukes the well-merited confusion of his headstrong lampooner.

As far as we can judge the book is wonderfully free from slips—though even we have noted a small crop—but some of its errors are little short of astounding coming from such a source. What can a man know of the life of Petrarch (it must be remembered too that Mr. Hewlett has a very lofty way with him) who could describe him as being in "holy orders"? He was not even in minor orders, but had simply received the tonsure. Then in two different parts of the book Mr. Hewlett tells us that Shelley's body was found and burnt at Lerici, adding indeed circumstantial topographical detail—"here, on a woody peak jutting into a sea more than common blue, they raised the smoke of sacrifice". The famous Francesco Ferrucci—almost the only mediæval hero popular with the liberals—whose name has become a tiresome household word in modern Italy, he describes as "a Duke Ferruccio", presumably because he has read but not rightly understood a certain inscription at San Marcello: *Belli Consilio Dux sic Ferrucci* act. Or does Mr. Hewlett with his love of the archaic use "Duke" as meaning leader? But we have no space to continue the list, nor is it necessarily our business. Of Mr. Pennell's drawings we need only say that they are by Mr. Pennell, a source of delight to some, of energetic protest to others.

"THE DYING AUSTRALIAN."

"The Northern Tribes of Central Australia." By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. London: Macmillan. 1904. 21s. net.

"The Native Tribes of South-East Australia." By A. W. Howitt. London: Macmillan. 1904. 21s. net.

THE survey of what our grandfathers would have called the "manners and customs" of the native tribes of Australia is now nearing completion. These volumes carry the work a long stride forward. Professor Spencer and Mr. Gillen have here extended their painstaking account of the tribes of the Central Desert by a description, equally minute, of the natives of the north centre, and have halted only at the mouth of the River Macarthur and the Gulf of Carpentaria. Side by side with their book Mr. A. W. Howitt has published his very considerable collection of information on the rules, ceremonies and beliefs of the tribes which once occupied the most fertile and temperate part of the continent. In their successive works Messrs. Spencer and Gillen have covered the ground occupied by that baked and stony desert which stretches north and south of the Macdonnell Ranges, through fourteen degrees of latitude, from the thirty-second to the eighteenth parallel. Scattered over the centre of this dreary region they found the isolated Arunta tribe almost unaffected by contact with whites, and even cut off, to a large extent, from other blacks. No two students could have been better qualified for the study of the elaborate ritual of the savages of the desert. Mr. Gillen lived among them for twenty years. Both he and Professor Spencer were received into the tribe and regarded as members fully and regularly admitted. Thus they were enabled to observe ceremonies never before

studied and noted down by white writers. When, moreover, they passed from their "brethren" of the Arunta to the Kaitish, Warramunga and more northern groups, they travelled as accredited visitors bearing unwritten letters of introduction. Their fame passed along from group to group, and for hundreds of miles. Far ahead of them the Blackfellows heard of the two wanderers as friends who might be trusted and talked to. Thanks to the confidence thus gained their second volume is nearly as closely packed with fresh information as was that published six years ago. Consisting as it does, even in a more marked manner than the former instalment, of masses of more or less intricate details, it appeals almost solely to the anthropologist and geographer. An exception must be made of the illustrations. The pictures reproduced from "shots" of the camera showing the fantastically decorated savages excitedly busied or silently intent on their rites must be of extraordinary interest to all who turn the pages. They are likely to leave on most of us a higher impression than we have hitherto had of the Blackfellow as a decorative artist narrowly conventional but not seldom simply effective. Much the same may be said of the woodcuts in Mr. Howitt's book, which however contains nothing equal to Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's coloured plates of weapons, tools, and magical implements. Of the authors Mr. Howitt shows less literary quality; but of his merits as an authority there is of course no manner of doubt. More than forty years have passed since he led into the interior the rescue party which saved King the survivor of Burke and Wills' disastrously mismanaged rush across the continent. During four decades Mr. Howitt has been known in Australia as a careful and competent inquirer. He has been able to avail himself of the local knowledge of many correspondents. Professor Spencer is but one of a number who speak of Mr. Howitt's theories—especially of the tribal systems of relationship—with unfeigned respect. Moreover a special and melancholy value belongs to his work. Most of it relates to tribes which have either vanished altogether, or which, together with their rites and fantasies, are being improved off the face of Australia. They inhabited districts lying to the south-east of a line drawn from Spencer Gulf to the river Burdekin and therefore the finest country in Australia. Here if anywhere the Blackfellow, well furnished with food and water and living in one of the healthiest climates in the world, might have been expected to exhibit signs of progress. It is astonishing to note how slight was his superiority to the more heavily handicapped tribes of the dry deserts. He learned to make himself a cloak of opossum fur and to count numerals above three; his stone weapons were sometimes better ground, he did more bartering, and was rather less conservative of his systems and observances. Otherwise he was the same neolithic hunting savage, unable to till the ground, build a hut, or even store up food against bad seasons.

From these bulky volumes, following as they do on Mr. Ling Roth's studies of the north-eastern tribes, we have now as good an account as we are likely to get of the tribal systems and cults of the Australian aborigines. One large region—the north-west, stretching from Port Darwin through Kimberley to Shark Bay—still offers a field to some tough enthusiast. Otherwise the native, with his extraordinarily simple daily life and his amazing network of totem-law, marriage divisions and ancestral spirit worship is now known. What was his origin? All authorities assign to it a vast antiquity. The blacks have lived in Australia much longer than the Maori have lived in New Zealand. The immigration of the one dates back hundreds of years; of the other thousands. First came the Tasmanian, akin to the Andaman Islander, eolithic, armed with the rudest of spears, a club, and quartzite hatchet roughly chipped. He must have passed southward before the land under Bass's Straits was submerged, for he never learned to make canoes capable of facing the open sea. Then came the Australian, taller and bearing a reed-spear propelled by a throwing-stick, a boomerang, and stone axes often finely ground. Coming from the north, and exterminating or absorbing the Tasmanian, he was stopped by Bass's Straits, for though he could fashion bark

canoes far superior to the shapeless rafts and clumsy bundles of the Tasmanian, he did not reach the art of burning or chiselling a "dug-out". To this day the natives of the coast of Carpentaria have to obtain "dug-outs" by barter from Malay fishermen. They cannot make them. For the Australian race Mr. Howitt cautiously postulates a negroid basis, crossed with a low form of Caucasian melanochroi akin to the Veddahs of Ceylon and the hairy Ainu of Yezo. He suggests moreover an admixture of Tasmanians through captive women. Of Papuan blood he finds hardly any trace; while, for their part, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen discover little of the alleged Malay influence. Be the blood what it may, the Australian race has come down unaltered from the far past. Entering what is now the island-continent from Malaysia, they probably found mountains much higher than the present worn-down ranges, and therefore a more abundant rainfall, vegetation and animal life. It may be that the gradual drying up of the interior accounts for the segregation of the blacks, for their stolid conservatism, even for their utter aversion from agriculture. One of the names of the Warramunga tribe signifies "the people who dwell on hard ground", a description which might be applied to most Australian aborigines. As permanent water-springs became rarer, tribes would gather closer round such favoured spots and the arid expanses separating tribe from tribe would grow wider and more desolate. Tribes, again, would tend to divide into groups, and, in the more miserable regions, groups to split up into units almost as small as families. Dialects would become more and more distinct, until many scores would exist, all unintelligible to outsiders. So in time such a confusion of tongues would arise as we now find in north central Australia, where the boomerang, though identical in shape everywhere, is called by five quite distinct names in neighbouring districts. Amongst Polynesian and Melanesian tribes the chief barrier to intercourse was war. This was not the case with the Australians. The lower race was much the more peaceful. It had no conception for instance of invading a territory with the notion of permanent conquest. Until disturbed by whites, tribes continued to occupy—that is to say hunt and fish over—the same tracts century after century. An occasional intertribal row over the carrying off of a woman was the worst of their conflicts, and would lead to a skirmish not very bloody. Professor Spencer attributes this territorial persistency to their belief that each tract was haunted and dominated by the spirits of its tribe's ancestors. By these spirits the game, the trees, the roots, the waters were controlled. By these spirits the generations of the tribe were renewed. Every black believes that he is the reincarnated spirit of an ancestor who lived in the alcheringa—the infinite or magical past. Of what use then would another tribe's territory be to him? He could not hold the ground against the unseen powers there, and he would lose the help of his own tutelary spirits. Thus it comes about that neighbour tribes are usually on friendly terms, though strange natives coming from unknown districts would run risks of being speared, simply because they were unknown and therefore uncanny.

The practical business of the Australian male black is to get food by hunting, fishing, or gathering wild roots and fruits. These wants once satisfied, his mind turns to the unseen. He is not warlike. His tribal government is anarchy tempered by the authority of elders. His art, though not contemptible, consists in the decoration of implements and weapons and in painting and bedizening the human body on ceremonial occasions. But all blacks, male and female, are born as the inheritors of a certain totem. All initiated males have the right of taking part in ceremonies connected with the totems and ancestral spirits. These ceremonies are at once their chief passion and their main recreation. When witnessed they seem to civilised men as crude and aimless as the antics of children. Bedaubed with pipeclay and red-ochre, smeared with blood—their own—by which the down of birds is stuck over their bodies, bearing torches and chanting unmeaning songs, these savages stand or march or dance for hours. Sometimes they draw and paint large conventional patterns on the ground or on the face of

rocks; as a rule their own skin is their canvas. As Professor Spencer emphasises, it is difficult to realise that any ritual can be at once so elaborate in design and so crude in expression. Yet the immense amount of time and effort devoted by the savages to these evolutions and incantations shows how keenly alive the blacks are to the existence of the unseen. This, although they recognise nothing in the nature of God, either one or many. Their spirits are all those of their ancestors. In these they believe implicitly. Dull and ill-weaved as their legends are, an occasional touch of poetry redeems them. They thought, for instance, that mushrooms, springing up after rain, were pieces of fallen stars; that the little columns of dust whirled by the hot winds were dancing spirits of children; that the man in the moon was a homicide holding an uplifted tomahawk. They do not treat their women badly, and, unlike some savages, feed their old people and care for them to the last. Mentally as physically this chocolate-coloured race is not as black as it has been painted. Exceptional members of it, as Mr. Creed has lately reminded us, have shown no mean brain power. Yet the race as a whole cannot rise and is slowly but steadily passing away.

NOVELS.

"The Grey World." By Evelyn Underhill. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

A place of shadows, of bewildering unreality; such does this world appear to the disembodied spirit. The poor "ghost" who in his lifetime fixed his affections and desires here, who had no spiritual life while in the flesh, cannot tear himself away from what he loved, and hovers around the scenes of his former activities. He is unprepared for any kind of existence that is not material, and yet in his incorporeal state everything that he once thought real has become for him immaterial, a "grey world" in which he cannot be seen, or heard, or touched, in which he has no point of contact, mental or physical. This "spiritual pauperism" is the subject of Miss Underhill's exceptionally well-written and interesting story. She begins by describing the death of a little street boy in hospital, his passage "beyond", and his desolation among the myriads of restless spirits outcast alike from the warm comfortable busy world where their affections are, and from the company of those who find nothing strange or miserable in freedom from material ties. Miss Underhill wisely leaves alone theological doctrines of purgatory and of a future state. She merely puts forward her own theory of what constitutes the chief suffering of the worldly after death—spiritual destitution. The first two chapters are quite admirable, full of pathos, humour, and most unusual skill in the presentation of the supernatural and mysterious. The rest of the book though clever and entertaining is of more ordinary texture, her theory is rather vaguely and unsatisfactorily worked out. The slum-child is reincarnated as the son of respectable well-to-do middle-class parents, but carries with him a remembrance of his experience as a ghost, that makes him uncomfortable in purely material surroundings. Finally, the author leaves him inaugurating his spiritual training in solitude on the Sussex downs, physically occupied with artistic bookbinding, and devoutly worshipping nature.

"The Informer." By Fred Wishaw. London: John Long. 1905. 6s.

This is a topical novel, though the scene is laid in the Russia of Alexander III. Mr. Wishaw seems to know a good deal about the Russian police system, but in this book he writes more like a newspaper reporter than a novelist. Several people become entangled in revolutionary plots, some being Nihilists, others Platonic reformers who come under suspicion unfairly. The hero is an official of the secret police, who offered his services to the Government in disgust at a brutal assassination. Since many of his friends belong to more or less harmless secret societies, his work is at times most distasteful. There is a fair

sprinkling of sensational incidents—such as the flooding of a prison cell by the Neva when the warders are all drunk, a dreary march of convicts to Siberia tempered by a few shootings, and so on, but Mr. Wishaw has not taken much trouble to make his puppets real. The doings of an escaped convict who, hiding in the woods, lives on blackcock which he snares during their spring tournaments, form the most interesting part of the story. The book has the air of owing its being to the accident that ground with which the author is familiar is at present occupying the newspapers.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The United States. A History of Three Centuries 1607-1904." By W. E. Chancellor and F. W. Hewes. In Ten Parts. "Part I. 1607-1697." London: Putnams. 1904. 15s. net.

No nation in the world was ever so fond of writing its own history as the American and we presume that the works of this nature continually pouring from the press meet with a welcome. They have been of all kinds from the popular to the "documentés", and some of course have been of value and others not. In any case there is not much left to be said which can be new to a well-read student. We fancy that the last effort in the direction of a general history was that undertaken by various hands under the editorship of Mr. Winsor, the late librarian of Harvard University. We have now the first volume of a national history to be treated by two writers who will each deal with a particular branch of the subject. The division adopted is into four sections, Population and Politics, War, Industry and Commerce, Civilisation. The third is in the hands of Mr. Hewes while Mr. Chancellor writes the three others and supervises the whole. The general idea of course is that no side of the nation's life shall be neglected but it is easy to foresee difficulties in maintaining this method of separate treatment. But the success or failure of the attempt will be more accurately gauged when the epochs of wider national development are reached. The first volume only covers the period 1607-1697. It was not to be expected that the writers would have much to tell us of this period that was either new or striking but the diagrams and tables prepared by Mr. Hewes are certainly very effective in showing the progress made in every direction. There are no doubt fallacies in the method, diagrams and tables by no means tell everything, but they are distinctly useful in giving a general and bird's-eye view. There is a tendency to-day to trust too much to diagrams to prove everything, but so long as they are not used as more than "illustrations" they are useful. Certainly in this book maps plans and diagrams abound and are likely to be still more numerous in subsequent volumes. Needless to say the publishers' work is excellently done. The whole history is to be completed in ten volumes bringing it up to 1904.

"From the Monarchy to the Republic in France 1788-1792." By Sophia H. MacLehose. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1904. 6s. net.

We begin to doubt seriously whether any good end is to be served by the continuous accumulation of fresh works upon the French Revolution. Even the pursuit of original authorities would seem to have almost reached its term and we hardly believe that any fresh discoveries will change our views upon either persons or events. The writer of this book has assimilated the best part of all the authorities upon the period with which she deals. It may be said that she has overspecialised but that is a fault of which the example has been already conspicuously set by the Cambridge History wherein periods of periods have been themselves cut up and delivered into various hands. In spite of the great industry she has shown in the accumulation of material Miss MacLehose does not give us any real account of the early years of the Revolution in France, she only tells us (according to the latest research) what actually happened in Paris. Her comments, when she makes any, are sensible but not illuminating. She has certain gifts of the historian, she desires to arrive at the truth and she does not trouble us with superfluities. She possesses the valuable faculty of appreciating the necessary facts and ignoring the unimportant. But this after all is only a portion of the historian's equipment and one chapter of Taine will serve better to throw light upon the meaning of the period than this faithful transcript of laborious accumulations. As an instance of what we mean we may refer to the writer's treatment of the "Flight to Varennes", one of the most tragic stories in history, but it does not disturb the irritating calm of this unemotional narrative. Rhapsodies on the Revolution have been overdone; we have now passed to the opposite extreme and its most stirring events are described in the style of the minutes of a town council meeting. The gift of picturesque and vivid writing is not of necessity divorced from wide knowledge and powers of accurate research as may be learned from a reading of the works of Sorel or Vandal. There are some excellent illustrations in

this book and the writer has had the good sense to fortify all her more important statements by notes at the foot of the page and has not been contented with a long list of authorities at the end of the volume. This we should have expected from the evidences of care and industry she displays everywhere; but there is an exasperating lack of brilliance to enlighten the bare chronicle of events, striking and stirring though it cannot fail to be, however baldly treated, to anyone with imagination. We hope that this failing may not militate against the usefulness of the work, as it is clearly intended for those who do not wish to be amused but would like to learn the truth without having the time or inclination to become serious students, and perhaps these may form a larger portion of the reading public in Scotland than in England.

"The Law of Innkeepers." By E. A. Jelf and C. J. B. Hurst. London: Horace Cox. 1904. 5s.

"Interpleader." By Daniel Warde. Second Edition. London: Horace Cox. 1904. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Jelf and Hurst's book may be recommended not only to lawyers but to the general public. It is very rarely that a legal work presents so many points of interest to readers outside the legal profession: one might almost say that it is a treatise which every traveller should carry in his portmanteau; and for a railway journey we should prefer it to much of the so-called light reading which is designed for relieving the monotony of travel. Mr. Warde's book is one to be avoided by every variety of reader but the strictly limited class of sheriffs and high bailiffs, and possibly their subordinates known as sheriffs' officers and bum-bailiffs. We imagine it must be of enthralling interest to them; judging from the fact that this is a second edition; but no doubt, as most of us are prepared to believe, they take their pleasures sadly. If the general reader finds himself entrammelled in an interpleader action he should not try to understand this book himself but should take his trouble to a solicitor, who in all probability will have it by him.

"Meals Medicinal." By W. T. Fernie. Bristol: Wright; London: Simpkin. 1905. 9s.

The author is described as a Doctor of Medicine on the title-page, but we should think his medical brethren will consider he has done their profession as little service as the public in issuing what by its title might at first sight appear to be a serious book. "Meals Medicinal" must arouse at least a spirit of curiosity if not of hope amongst many persons of weak health that think by dieting something may be done to keep in check if not to cure many troublesome disorders. According to some medical men there is a future for the art of compounding meals instead of compounding concoctions of drugs by prescription. It might be imagined that this book was at any rate a serious if it were only a tentative effort with which all patients would have much sympathy. But if they suppose there is anything of the slightest service to this idea in Dr. Fernie's ponderous compilation of seven hundred closely printed pages they will find that their money has been taken from them under a misnomer. There is no attempt made to compose or arrange any varieties of food as a regular diet for any species of complaint, though it is proposed to furnish "Curative Foods from the Cook in place of Drugs from the Chemist". Instead we have alphabetically arranged series of—we hardly know what term to use—articles, essays, disquisitions on the various foods, giving whatever is known about them serious or fantastic, mythical or historical, or what has been said about them in all sorts of books medical and farcical, in poetry or prose, tragedy or comedy. To one page of seriousness there are a dozen full of positive buffoonery, and though the author has indeed collected a most wonderful assortment of out-of-the-way information and literary allusions from the most grotesque and bizarre literature, it is not erudition but sheer vulgarity and muddle-headedness that seem to have dictated the collection.

The Cowper Society has brought out "The Records of the Rev. John Cowper and other Members of the Family of William Cowper the Poet" (At the Cowper Press). This little book is edited by Mr. H. P. Stokes and is chiefly of interest for its allusions to William Cowper. The author makes the claim that the Cowper family, whose genealogy is traced back to the period of the Wars of the Roses, has produced "a list of writers and authors not surpassed by any other family in the realms of literature". It certainly produced several scholars and eloquent letter-writers, among whom John Cowper takes a prominent place. William Cowper himself wrote a sketch of the character of his brother John and an account of his illness and death. We doubt however whether any sane Cowper scholar will find time to read these amiable records.—Mr. G. Cecil White has edited the reminiscences of Edward Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford from 1813-1841, and named the book "A Versatile Professor" (Brimley Johnson. 5s. net). Dr. Nares was Bampton Lecturer and Select Preacher in his day, and was a known and appreciated figure in the political and intellectual life of the time. But we do not get a particularly vivid picture here of the man and his work. There are notes of interest

on high life in France on the verge of the French Revolution. Nares attended the Court at Versailles, and was in the same room as Marie Antoinette on the last day the King and Queen dined together. He saw Paris after reading Mercier's "Tableau" and did not think the picture there presented highly coloured. As to the question of how far Marie Antoinette was chargeable, Nares wrote: "It should be recollected that she sat on a throne surrounded, if throne ever was, with profligate ministers, servile courtiers, and the most abject flatterers. . . . I know nothing to extenuate the cruelty and barbarity of her persecutors. Whatever was the real character of her life and reign, her fall was dignified." Rather tame after Carlyle's moving passages on the last hours of the Queen, but quite just.—"The Moscow Expedition" (at the Clarendon Press, 5s.) consists of extracts from Thiers, which Mr. H. B. George has edited and annotated. Thiers, though brilliant, is often partial, and Mr. George's notes at the end of the volume often supply useful corrections and warnings. The grand total of men which Napoleon poured into Russia is by no means dwarfed by the figures of the war in Manchuria. It was over six hundred and nine thousand. Mr. George points out that the idea that the Tsar had deliberately concerted a plan for luring the French into the heart of Russia is an entire delusion. The truth is the Russians were compelled to retreat owing to Napoleon's overwhelming superiority in force. Probably the Tsar had underestimated the strength of the invaders, and formed his plans accordingly.

We have to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. Tennant, Ross and Wallace, Limited, of "The Illustrated Guide to the Shootings of Scotland". The guide is issued by the Club Shooting and Fishing Agency, contains a sporting map of Scotland, and is published at 3s. 6d. net.

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"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Février. 36.

M. Charmes deals with the prospects of the new Ministry in France and seems to be of opinion that their sole policy is to hold office until the elections of 1906 and that they will do this by "obeying the principle of inertia". They are not strong enough to risk their existence by taking any kind of initiative and have no particular views as to the solution of the problems which their predecessors left to them. Nothing will be done to deal with the dioceses still without bishops. As for other matters on which M. Combes insisted, they have been enumerated in the order of the day but no steps have been taken as yet to bring them before the House in the form of bills. The tax on incomes has been dropped altogether. M. Bellesort has an article of considerable interest upon Roumania which country he seems to have thoroughly explored during a recent visit. He explains the immature methods of Roumanian politics by the hopeless condition of that country up to a recent period, subject as it was to the rule of "Græculi esurientes" who bought their principality from the palace at Constantinople. At present political parties have little valid reason for division, indeed they would seem to have as little historical ground for their existence as those of Japan. They are an artificial creation like the parliamentary constitution. The Court and society imitate French, German, or English models, but the heart of the people is thoroughly patriotic, as is shown by their pride in their origin retained through centuries of oppression.

THEOLOGY.

"Niceta of Remesiana: his Life and Works." By A. E. Burn. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1905. 9s. net.

It is not given to many living scholars to bring out an editio princeps of a Christian Father; but Dr. Burn has succeeded in doing so, and in finding a most interesting Father to edit. Niceta was bishop of Remesiana in Dacia Mediterranea, and lived in the latter half of the fourth and beginning of the fifth centuries; he was a friend of Paulinus of Nola, and contemporary with Jerome and Augustine; and, in spite of being a missionary bishop in a remote province, was a scholar of sufficient eminence to impress the theologians of Rome when he visited that city. Yet it was a long time before his works, familiar as is one of them at any rate to all Churchmen, were brought home to him. He was confused with a certain Nicetas of Aquileia, who flourished half a century later, and with a Nicetius of Trèves, and his works were assigned to them and printed under their names; in Dr. Burn's able introduction we are allowed to trace the disentanglement of the skein and to see the greatest writer of the three given back his own property. Theology is popularly supposed to be a dull science, but every now and then it furnishes its students with problems as complicated and exciting as any in Sir Conan Doyle's detective stories; and in this case careful research has not only discovered the real source of some valuable dogmatic treatises, but has settled with something approaching certainty the authorship of our most glorious Christian hymn, the *Te Deum*. The ascription of this hymn to Niceta was made by the learned Benedictine, Dom Morin, some ten years ago, and all the evidence collected by Dr. Burn goes to confirm his conjecture. The legend that the *Te Deum* was composed by Augustine and Ambrose, beautiful though it is, cannot be traced back further than the end of the eighth century; but a whole series of MSS., mostly Irish, attribute it in their titles to Niceta, and there is a good deal in the content of the hymn which is akin to the thought and expression of the writings now proved to have come from his pen. Ireland, too, was tenacious of early traditions, and while there was always a tendency to ascribe well-known works to well-known names, there is no reason why such a person as Niceta should have been credited with it unless he had actually composed it. It is of this simple Christian scholar, caring for his flock in that rough out-of-the-way diocese, that we must think when we chant that supreme effort of praise and devotion; and it will not seem the less grand for this. Our thanks are due to Dr. Burn for the valuable contribution to early Christian literature that he has made, and for the admirable way in which he has arranged his material.

"The Permanent Creed and the Christian Idea of Sin." By Charles Gore. London: Murray. 1905. 6d. net.

"Spiritual Efficiency: the Primary Charge delivered at his Visitation to the Clergy and Churchwardens of his Diocese." By Charles Gore. London: Murray. 1904. 1s. net.

We think that Bishop Gore is gaining in strength and clearness of expression as he grows older; a certain cumbrousness that used to mark his style has left him; possibly the practical work of a bishop's life may not be without its advantages in forcing a man to speak very plainly; certainly for concise direct statement of what he believes, and holds to be the teaching of the Church, on some of the most vital points of the faith,

we have never read anything better than his two sermons on the Creed and the Christian idea of sin. And, as often, clear statement is the best apologetic; many a bewildered Churchman might find relief and comfort in these pages; and though an opponent might not be convinced, he would probably allow that the case for the other side could hardly have been better put.

The charge to the diocese of Worcester deals with a wider circle of topics, with questions of organisation, management, Church life in town and country, as well as of doctrine. Still, a man speaks of the things that are uppermost in his mind and the same things were uppermost in Bishop Gore's mind when he was writing his charge and when he was preaching the sermons—the recent attacks on the Virgin birth and the Resurrection, and the problem of original sin in the light of evolution. And the treatment is the same, clear, strong, and reasonable, such as must, we think, have helped all those who heard it.

"The Gospel and Human Life." Sermons by Alfred Ainger. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

All who heard Canon Ainger preach, watched his strange intellectual face, and listened to that exquisitely musical voice, will be glad to possess these sermons. To others he was known as the editor of Charles Lamb; but, as Canon Beeching tells us in his preface, it was not literary studies that lay nearest his heart; he regarded his sermons as his chief work in life. And his sermons reflect his character; they have a delicate refinement which is attractive because it is so thoroughly Christian, the ornament of a gentle and quiet spirit. Yet the quietness is not without dignity and severity; it was no easy-going religion that he taught and practised; the sermons on "Character and Intellect" and "Love and Sorrow" are beautiful but very stern, and the description of our age as one of "high living and low thinking" is cruelly true. If we are glad to possess this selection of sermons we must also express our thanks to Canon Beeching on whom has devolved the task of selecting them; it could not have been easy, and he has performed it with admirable taste and judgment.

"Peterborough Sermons." By the late Brooke Foss Westcott. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

This volume is a selection of sermons preached by the great Bishop of Durham when he was Canon of Peterborough. The greater part of them are on St. John's Gospel and represent an early stage of his Commentary, and so readers who possess the Commentary must not expect to find much that is new in the sermons. They are characteristic; abstract, mysterious, involved, and yet lofty and impressive because the thoughts are so plainly the result of his own innermost convictions and experience, which apparently he could express in no other way. The later sermons in the book are on various topics and show how kind is fate in sometimes compelling a man to speak on subjects other than those he would naturally choose; the sermons on the Franco-German war and the death of Napoleon III. are by far the finest in the book, and peculiarly appropriate at the present time, when we are spectators of an equally momentous struggle.

"Notes on [Popular Rationalism]." By H. [Hensley] Henson. London: Isbister. 1904. 3s. 6d.

Canon Henson is essentially a critic, and critics are best in attack. He also, as we know, likes to appear almost unorthodox and to explain his own position, and this gives him the appearance of being somewhat uncertain in his defence; consequently in these popular apologetic addresses we miss the tone of breezy, buoyant, almost reckless controversy which usually makes him so interesting even to those who disagree with him. He has indeed some clever criticisms of Haeckel and Grant Allen: but it is on the positive side of his work that he is weak. He assures us time after time that Religion and Science cannot properly be rivals, and that belief in a God has always seemed intrinsically reasonable to Christians; but we are not much the wiser for that. There is no methodical laying down of the lines of argument for the theistic position, or strong grip of the vital points at issue; for after all the apologetic which has the most permanent effect is that which establishes positions, not that which scores off opponents. On the whole we put down the book with the feeling that it is clever but vague, and that we have not carried away anything very definite from it.

"Ideals of Science and Faith." Essays by various Authors. Edited by J. E. Hand. London: George Allen. 1904.

Mr. Hand has brought together a number of essayists, scientific and theological, whose common desire is not to ignore the difficulties in science and religion, but to approach them in a conciliatory spirit. It must be confessed that the scientific authorities write more clearly on their own subject than do the theologians, though Sir Oliver Lodge is rather sketchy, and seems to think it is "suggestive" to throw out random ideas and leave them. The book is like most books of the kind; the majority of the essays are of decent merit and interest; some downright poor; and one very fine. The impression left

on the mind of the reader will be that an equally good collection might be made on any subject by looking through the monthlies and taking out whatever happened to suit; and indeed Sir Oliver Lodge's paper and Mr. Bertrand Russell's superb article on "The Ethical Approach" have already appeared in the "Hibbert Journal" and "Independent Review" respectively. By a sarcasm of arrangement this last essay is placed next to Mr. N. V. Branford's on "The Sociological Approach" which makes much ado about nothing in the most exaggerated technical language; the long words may be right, but as he talks of a Cambridge man as a "Cantabrian" we have our doubts; still the contrast between the two approaches is dramatic.

"The Eternal Saviour-Judge." By J. E. Clarke. London: Murray. 1904. 9s. net.

This is a strange, old-fashioned, amateur piece of work. The author would refute the doctrine of eternal punishment by drawing attention to truths which he believes are taught by Scripture and which completely transform popular ideas as to judgment and condemnation. The "judge" in the Bible is quite as much a redeemer as a punisher, and "judgment" suggests a long process of sifting the good from the bad rather than a single decisive act; while the theory which will best explain all the statements of Scripture about the lost is neither that of eternal torment, nor annihilation, nor universalism, but what he terms "reconciliation"—a state of ultimate pardon with God but without the rewards and privileges of the saved; not therefore widely different from the "mitissima damnatio" which even Augustine would concede to some. On his first point he will have all Biblical theologians with him, and he need not have spent so much time in proving the obvious; but we fail to see that in the end it makes any great difference in our ideas of the judge and the judgment. His "reconciliation" is a modified universalism, and here too he will have the sympathy of most thoughtful Christians, though they will probably reach their conclusions by a different road; for Mr. Clarke's method is not likely to convince many. He examines text after text in the Bible but does not seem to perceive what is really important or to the point; and he takes especial pleasure in extracting hidden and important meanings out of small words. Still he is quite honest and has brought together a number of quotations; naturally "In Memoriam" figures largely. There is a rather cautious preface to the book by Dr. Illingworth.

"Religious Persecution: a Study in Political Psychology." By E. S. P. Haynes. London: Duckworth. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

To write a history of religious persecution in the West from the earliest times to the present day, and to compress it into two hundred small pages, is an ambitious undertaking; it would have been less ambitious, or less pretentious, to write a larger book and go into the subject in greater detail. Mr. Haynes treats it all with an air of easy superiority, is prolific in epigrammatic criticism, and is scornfully severe on the Christian Church; but the work is so compressed that much of the political history reads like notes for lectures, the ecclesiastical history is occasionally rather strange, and some of the theology is amazing—e.g. "Probably few Anglican clergymen realise that they are committed to the doctrine of Predestination, though the article in question tells us that it is only 'curious and carnal persons' who think about it." Bearing in mind the writer's point of view, we are not surprised at his book containing very few words on the last phase of religious persecution—the action of the Government in France.

For this Week's Books see page 250.

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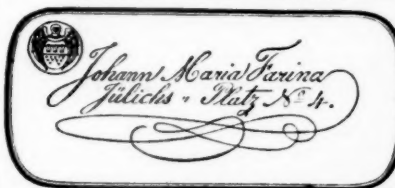
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Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 13'082 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.		Cost per ton milled.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Mining Expenses	34,041	8 6	0 11	6'664
Mine Development	1,270	10 6	0 0	5'175
Crushing and Sorting	2,006	9 11	0 0	8'173
Transport	1,161	16 9	0 0	4'732
Milling	6,963	5 1	2 2	4'304
Cyaniding	5,246	11 1	0 2	1'444
Slimes	1,565	18 6	0 0	7'601
Crown Reef Dump	1,807	17 0	0 0	7'365
Pioneer Dump	1,182	15 6	0 0	4'818
General Charges	6,363	9 5	0 2	1'676
Gold Realisation Charges	62,850	2 3	1 1	4'012
Addition to Plant	19,479	1 4	0 6	7'346
Profit	84,521	13 1	1 8	8'289
	71,374	4 0	1 4	2'735
	£155,895	17 1	£2 12	11'024

Cr.	Value.		Value per ton milled.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
By Gold Accounts—				
10,722'113 fine ozs. from Mill	83,775	9 3	1 8	5'250
11,062'751 fine ozs. from Cyanide	46,091	11 3	0 15	11'415
2,515'810 fine ozs. from Slimes	10,686	10 5	0 3	7'530
3,400'000 fine ozs. from Dump Treatment	14,442	5 7	0 4	10'829
36,700'984 ozs.	£155,895	17 1	£2 12	11'024

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HOLBORN AND FRASCATI, LTD.

THE ninth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders in the Holborn and Frascati, Limited, was held on Wednesday, at the Restaurant Frascati, Oxford Street, W., Mr. Alfred R. Holland (chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Arthur G. Chiffierel (A.C.A.) having read the notice convening the meeting and also the auditors' report,

The Chairman, having made sympathetic reference to the sad loss the Company had sustained by the death of its late chairman (Mr. F. Gordon), turned to the profit and loss account. He said: "You will see that our general expenses amount to £77,426, which is somewhat less than on the previous occasion. Our debenture stock interest is the same amount, as is also the leasehold redemption fund. The balance we carry to the balance-sheet of £29,993, as probably the shareholders will rather have anticipated, is slightly less than on the previous occasion. On the credit side of the profit and loss account we bring forward a balance from trading account of £117,905, which, under the circumstances, I hope you will consider very satisfactory. I daresay the shareholders will rather have anticipated that during the twelve months under review our business has somewhat suffered. The principal cause for it I venture to attribute to the general lack of money-spending power on the part of the general public, who for so many years have been in the habit of patronising these establishments, and I think, also, another cause which has helped somewhat to interfere with our business was the exceptionally fine summer we enjoyed, unfortunately for our business here, but fortunately for many other establishments. From past experience we have always noticed that fine summer evenings have a great tendency to take people away from our establishments, and we know, as a fact, that they patronise other establishments, such as exhibitions, &c. We do not, of course, complain of this; but it does affect our business a little. There was also a considerable dearth in the number of Americans visiting London last year. I am happy to say that our establishment enjoys a considerable American patronage. The Americans had their own exhibition, and it is a known fact that not nearly so many of them came to Europe last year as usual. At the Holborn Restaurant the business has also been somewhat interfered with by the construction of that fine new thoroughfare—Kingsway, running, as you know, from Holborn down to the Strand. These various adverse factors will have a tendency to right themselves, and I am hoping that in a comparatively short time—particularly if, as these things now seem probable, peace be shortly established—there is no doubt we shall very soon have very much better and brisker times all round. In any case, the shareholders may rely upon the directors, and also upon our managing director, doing their very best, not only to maintain the fine business we have, but also to increase it wherever possible. Personally, I think the accounts we present to you to-day are not, under the circumstances, at all unsatisfactory. I should like to assure you that they have been prepared upon the usual conservative basis, and I think that perhaps we have been more conservative than usual in making ample provision for all the claims that are likely to be made on those accounts. With reference to the Frascati, our building operations have, unfortunately, taken longer than we originally anticipated they would do. They have been of a rather complicated and awkward description, because, in pulling down many departments, we had still to carry on the business. I am happy to say that they are now virtually all finished, with the exception of a very fine masonic temple we are constructing. This is making such good progress that there seems every probability that the contractor will carry out his final promise of handing it over to us before the end of the present summer season, in order to be a valuable adjunct, as we hope it will be, to the business during the coming winter. We have every reason to believe that this will be one of the finest masonic temples in London—if not the very finest—and we look upon it as an adjunct of considerable importance in the consolidation of our business here. The result of this building operation at Frascati has been to give us very much increased accommodation on the ground floor and the various other floors, and, in addition, has enabled us materially to increase the business at this establishment. Competition will undoubtedly have a tendency to increase, and I venture to state that the people who will get the business are those who are most enterprising, and those who succeed in best catering for the general public. I now move: "That the report and accounts for the year ended December 31, 1904, be received and adopted, and that the payment of the dividends therein referred to be confirmed and approved."

Mr. F. E. Sidney seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff.

EXPLORATION COMPANY, LTD.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Exploration Company, Limited, was held yesterday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Mr. R. T. Bayliss, the chairman and managing director, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. H. F. Wreford) read the notice convening the meeting, and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: "I should like to say a few words in explanation of the balance-sheet and profit and loss account. On the debit side of the balance-sheet the share capital, all issued and fully paid, represents £750,000. The balance transferred from the profit and loss account is £30,261. On the credit side of the balance-sheet the first item is sundry investments £651,813, and these investments have been entered on the basis of cost or market price, whichever was the lower on the 31st December last, and I do not think that anyone will be disposed to take exception to this principle of valuation, even if he may be inclined to question its expediency under some circumstances which might arise. I am free to admit that I can conceive conditions under which a strict adherence to this system might act as a temporary hardship to the shareholders, but as under the scheme of reconstruction this company took over the assets of the old company on this basis, and we are fortunately in a sufficiently strong position to-day to continue on these lines, I am sure the policy we have adopted will commend itself to you.

I think it will be of interest if I give you some particulars of the investments included in this item. Our holding in the 4 per cent. debentures of the Central London Railway Company amounts for £126,765, investments in real estate in Johannesburg represent £112,225, and South African Gold-mining shares amount to £127,064, which, together with other investments of a kindred nature, make a total of £655,813, and in further regard to this item I should like to repeat the statement that they show a substantial unrealised profit. Sundry debit balances (£28,925) are all quite good, and include, as you will see, £13,000 for shares sold but not delivered.

Turning to the profit and loss account, general expenditure has been £10,659; sundry investigation expenses, which include the fees and expenses of the various engineers we employ in looking for mining properties and business has been £3,873. On the other side of the accounts we have gross profits earned during the nine months covered by these accounts of £49,239, and transfer fees £196, leaving a net profit of £30,261, which sum the directors think it wise to carry forward to the credit of the current year. This sum would have been sufficient to pay a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and, if the directors had thought it in your interest to increase this sum by sales, which would have brought into account the unrealised profits in sundry investments, the balance to credit of profit and loss could have been increased by a very substantial sum. I should like to say to you, however, quite frankly, that this decision of the directors not to pay a dividend was arrived at only after very careful deliberation, for it would have been more agreeable to us to-day if we could have come before you with money in our hand to distribute to you. But having the future welfare of the company in mind, we feel that it would not be in its best interests if we depleted our cash resources by payment away in a dividend of the profit which has been earned during the past nine months. In justification of this decision I would remind you that, upon reconstruction, this company was possessed of £750,000 of good securities, but had not any amount of cash at all commensurate with its interests, or which a company of this character must have if it is to engage in new and active business, and the policy of the Board has been to strengthen the cash resources of the company in a manner which will enable it to entertain any attractive business which may be proposed; and we have succeeded in closing the year with practically a cash balance of £70,000. I think it will be plain to you that we could not wisely have depleted the resources we were striving to build up by the distribution of profit earned in the past nine months, in the form of a dividend. It may strike some of you that we have acted in a somewhat ultra-conservative manner, but I am quite sure that we have adopted the right course and am very sanguine that it will commend itself to the prudent majority of the shareholders, and I am very hopeful that it will receive your full support.

With regard to other matters mentioned in the report, the Tomboy Gold Mines Company, in which this company holds roundly 40,000 shares, has been operating during the past eighteen months under very adverse circumstances in consequence of the serious labour strike which caused all operations to be suspended for six months. This strike, however, was adjusted in December last and the company is now operating under comparatively normal conditions and has recommenced the payment of dividends. The El Oro Mine has been compelled during the past year to reduce its rate of dividend, and to pass the dividend payable in December last entirely, owing to the very heavy capital expenditure which the directors of that company were compelled to undertake. I am pleased to be able to say, however, that after many delays the new mill was placed in operation on the 11th February, and that, with 200 stamps in operation in the future, we are anticipating a very satisfactory profit from our share-holding in that company.

During the past year we have, in conjunction with business friends, promoted a company called the Mexico Mines of El Oro with a capital of £180,000, to acquire the Mexico Mine, which is situated on the extension of the vein worked by the El Oro and Esperanza Mines in the El Oro district, and immediately adjoining the Esperanza Mine on the north. We hold the Mexico Mine under a working bond for eighteen months, and have spent a sum of £17,650 upon the development of the property. The result was of such an encouraging nature that we decided to purchase the mine, and have done so, with the result that we receive back from the new company the full amount of our expenditure in shares of the company, and we have subscribed for a large number of working capital shares. The Mexico Mines of El Oro starts its career under the best possible conditions. It has already a large quantity of ore exposed ready for extraction, and gives promise of great productive value.

In the matter of new business, until our financial position has improved it would not be wise to incur any new or heavy responsibilities, but, with the encouragement of our better position, we are now actively engaged in the investigation of what is described to be an important deposit of copper ore in Chili, and during the past three months we have employed two engineers in making an investigation of the property. From preliminary reports it appears that the amount of copper ore exposed and its value will justify consideration of the economic conditions by which it is surrounded, and upon which the true productive value of the property will depend. In addition to this we have entered upon negotiations with a view to acquire a very substantial interest in another copper property which is stated to be of considerable value; but, as we have hardly got beyond the stage of preliminary negotiations, I should prefer not to attach much importance to this particular business at this juncture.

In addition, also, to the above, we are taking steps towards the investigation of other favourable fields for mining operations, but you will understand that the examination of new districts involves a great deal of work and must occupy a considerable time. With regard to the Exploration Assets Company we have sold a number of our securities at a very handsome profit, and so far as we have gone we consider it is very satisfactory.

The motion was seconded by Mr. F. A. Lucas, M.P., and after some discussion carried unanimously.

The retiring directors, Messrs. J. E. D. Ryder and H. Mosenthal, and the auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co., were re-elected and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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